

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



MARCH
1937

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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Inc. (legal title)

Most Rev. James Edward
Walsh, M.M.,
Superior General

Established by action of
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assembled at Washington,
April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness
Pius X, at Rome, June
29, 1911. Final Approval by
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For missions, see section,
"The Month with the Mis-
sioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for di-
rectory.

THE FIELD AFAR—The Magazine of Maryknoll

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Easter's fairest moment is the dawn. Each of us, in the new day so glorious in memories, calls up the open tomb and the Risen Christ, inspiring hope and the vision of future victories.

Maryknoll's task overseas prompts us to form on our lips and in our hearts the prayer that these hopes and dreams of Easter dawn may bid many who are young and ardent this year to seek conquests for Christ Triumphant in fields afar.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

MARCH, 1937



Spring Comes to the East—

By Peter Cosmon



the conversion of all men than the endless series of bizarre details which are presented to us as picturing the peoples of non-Christian lands. True, a soul is a soul, but it is hard for many of us to be so undilutedly spiritual as to make great sacrifices for peoples who, humanly speaking, have been made to appear so unattractive. The creation of such an impression is unfortunate indeed, when, as in the case of the peoples of the East, the picture is so substantially incorrect.

Spring spells hope, the promise of fruition. Spring comes to the East and it is spring, with the lovely beauty wrought by nature, with the new birth of aspirations which find place in the hearts of men wherever there is spring. It is wrong to leave the Western world under the impression that in China there can be no true freshness, youth, hope, because it is a land so far awry by queer twistings, so bludgeoned by disaster, that spring cannot be spring.

Making full allowance for its misfortunes, and for the sorrows which visit men everywhere, let us see the attractive side of China and realize that it is a land of beauty, a home of people who are worth while.

IMAGINE yourself crossing the Parrot Bridge down by the Plum Tower and gazing at the azaleas covering the hills, the willows putting out their delicate tracery, the young bamboo shoots reaching up in new-born green. Then compare this pleasant country-side China with the China of your newspaper headlines.

Perhaps nothing is more deadly in its numbing effect on our enthusiasm for

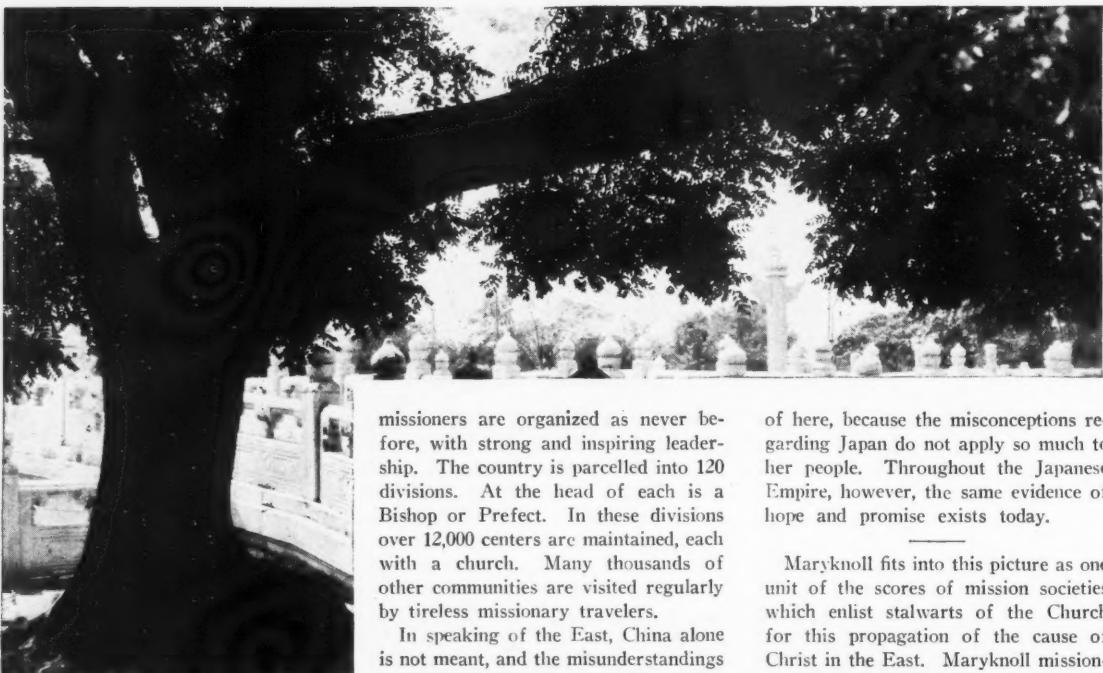
China's great strength lies in its family life, in its homes, in its innumerable units which have never known other than to place the family group first.

It is the home, then, that is the most attractive thing in China; the Chinese at home is the most attractive man in China. The Chinese in politics has often shown himself to poor advantage; the Chinese in business is perhaps too businesslike, and in society he can be ceremonious and dull. But in the leisure of his home he is a lovable human being. There he reveals himself with all his appealing geniality.

And his home is most attractive in the spring for it is a garden home. True, all Chinese cannot have gardens just as all Americans cannot. But as in America, there is in China the ideal toward which all strive, which all accept as the goal to be sought. That goal is a house with many courts and flowers, where birds will come, with pools and goldfish, with rookeries, with many things which speak for nature.

Thus we understand the Orient: in the sweetness and delicacy of the courtesy, the nobility, the humility and sincerity of so many of the rank and file, the mutual devotion of parents and children, the sorrows and the laughter,

MAY EASTER PEACE AND JOY BE YOURS!



the burdens and the victories of the simple daily life.

Abroad, in every section of this Europe-sized China, are 10,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters, foreign and native-born. All evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, they are experiencing the hopes and promises of a new spring. Not for many years have the mission prospects been so bright.

Last year, the return in adult converts passed the 100,000 mark. Many areas are upset, and mission work is suspended through political strife and banditry. But as in Europe we might witness a conflict between, say, Czechoslovakia and Poland without disturbance to the peace of the remainder of the continent, so it comes about in China, where a struggle seems almost always in progress but only in one or other section of the country. It has been estimated that during all these years of difficulty the total of our mission forces which have been required to suspend activities through political upheaval does not pass one third, or some 3,000 of the 10,000 religious workers.

In China as a whole, the Church goes forward. The serried ranks of our

missionaries are organized as never before, with strong and inspiring leadership. The country is parcelled into 120 divisions. At the head of each is a Bishop or Prefect. In these divisions over 12,000 centers are maintained, each with a church. Many thousands of other communities are visited regularly by tireless missionary travelers.

In speaking of the East, China alone is not meant, and the misunderstandings regarding the East do not apply to China alone. China, however, is spoken

of here, because the misconceptions regarding Japan do not apply so much to her people. Throughout the Japanese Empire, however, the same evidence of hope and promise exists today.

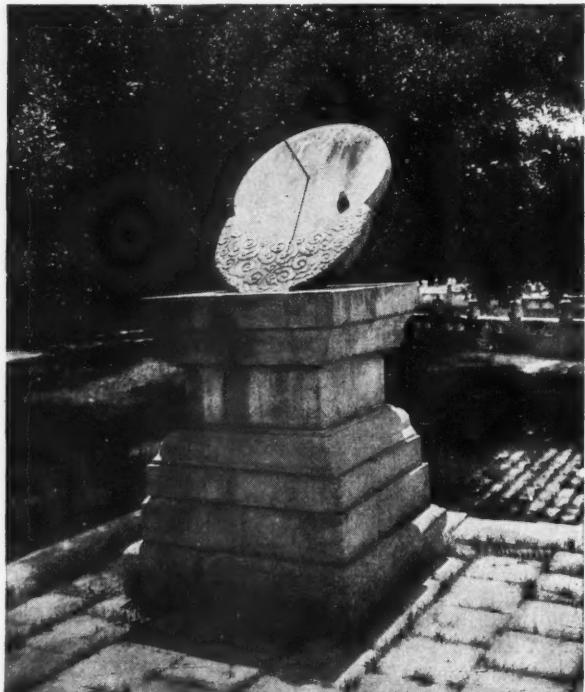
Maryknoll fits into this picture as one unit of the scores of mission societies which enlist stalwarts of the Church for this propagation of the cause of Christ in the East. Maryknoll missionaries among the Chinese are geographically at two extremes of the Chinese

Trouble visits many portions of China, but life continues its tranquil way for the majority of its hundreds of millions.

We of the West shall be wise if we keep uppermost in our minds China's tireless toilers, its heritage of so much that is good from the past, its opportunities for the Faith.

Above: A tree over a garden bridge.

Right: A garden sundial.



homeland. Three territories are in South China, while one is next door to Korea on the borderland of Manchukuo, which latter is now politically independent of China. The two remaining missions accredited to Maryknoll in the Orient are in the Empire of the Mikado, one at the northern extreme of Korea, the other on the Japanese mainland.

In these Maryknoll fields there is assuredly the air of spring. In South China, every year sees a new height in the spiritual fruits of each territory. In Manchukuo no one, not even Father Burns himself, is distracted by his bandit experience. Grave incident though it was, and one which might have cost him his life, it remains an incident nevertheless. The main task of the day goes on, and it is a sowing which assures a rich harvest.

Maryknoll may rank its Korean field as its most prosperous in the actual converts at the moment. The mission about Lake Biwa, Japan, is in its infancy, but there is every reason to believe that many souls are awaiting our next few years' activity.

When the year is in the spring, our



Above: A bit of Chinese countryside in the spring, a scene which might well be found in our own world of the West.

Below: Sunlight weaves its witchery through the trees in a corner of a Chinese courtyard.

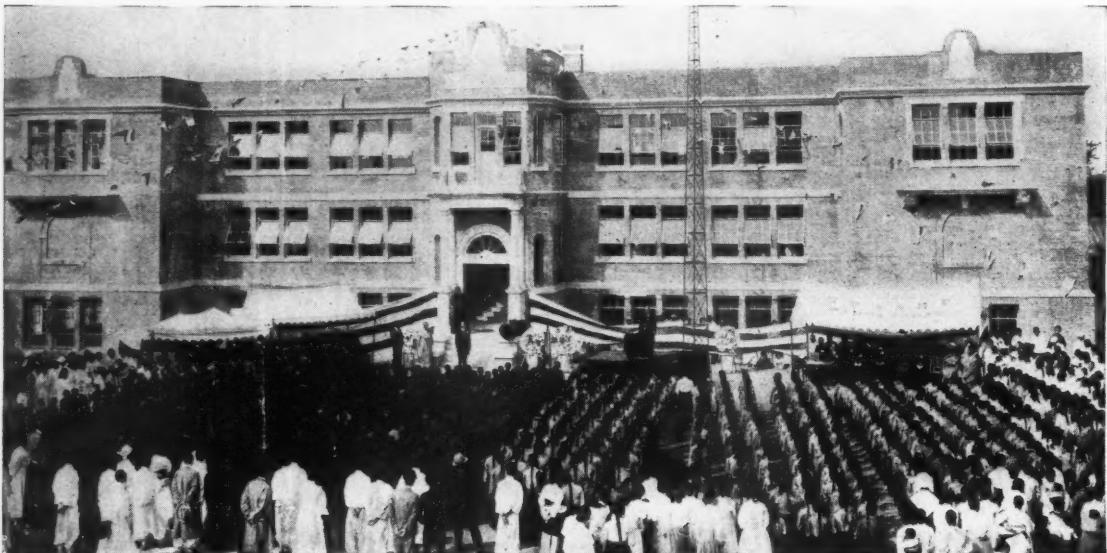
ear seems particularly attuned to the promptings which draw us again to high purpose, which renew our resolve. We cannot afford to be chilled by influences which tempt us to believe that our efforts are not worth while. Certainly, any such influences are without true basis as regards the present mission outlook in the Far East.



DISPELS THE NIGHT OF PAGANISM

Peng Yang Big-wigs Bow To The Knollers

Father Joseph Connors, M.M., of Pittsfield, Mass., tells us what a thousand-pupil school means.



ENG YANG is an educational center. Many of its schools are architecturally among the finest in the Japanese Empire. Our Protestant brethren have not

been slow to see the ardent desire of the Korean youngsters for educational training, and their schools have kept pace with modern needs. Their graduates are to be found everywhere—teachers, ministers, doctors, government officials, business men. These schools are monuments to the generosity of American Protestants and to the zeal and far-sightedness of the local missionaries.

Against this stupendous achievement, up to 1936, the true Church of Christ had nothing to show in the form of educational facilities but a few small buildings and a number of shacks which had been somehow transformed into classrooms.

Substantial modern structures attracted the children in ever growing numbers, and our Holy Mother School was in a fair way of dying a slow and ignominious death, had it not been for the helpful services of a Mr. Kimoura, a Japanese gentleman of considerable

Educational authorities help inaugurate the Maryknoll thousand-pupil school at Peng Yang, Korea, replacing the motley array of Korean shacks which heretofore had housed the boys and girls.

Below: Father Joseph Connors, of Pittsfield, Mass., the Peng Yang pastor, and his two Korean curates, Father Kang and Father Ryang.

influence. Mr. Kimoura secured government recognition for the school, and made it possible for our graduates to enter the high schools. This permission came in the spring of 1929 and saved



the school from annihilation.

Immediately, there was a happy reaction. The school enrollment which had been constantly declining began to mount. From an enrollment of 230 in 1928, the number rose to 830 in 1935.

Obviously, we should have to provide a larger school building. We could continue to multiply shacks, but it would only be postponing the real necessity. We had to have a modern building that would stand up with the best in the city and one capable of housing a thousand children.

In the well-founded hope that we should have several thousand children under our care during the coming years, giving us an opportunity to enlighten their minds with the truths of Christian Faith, we broke ground for a sixteen-room modern structure in the spring of 1935 and, after no little amount of worry (for we were building in the Orient), we had the satisfaction of being present at the formal opening on October tenth of this year.

At the present time, three hundred of our school children are Christians, but both pagans and Christians are being instructed in the Doctrine. At least three hundred more are preparing seriously for Baptism.

Chinese Quick Lunch



THE peddler in many parts of China is not a peddler; he bears the dignified title of "little business man." And apparently the heaviest of these "little businesses" is peddling food.

The man with the walking kitchen is a part of the landscape everywhere. At every tea house you find him, at every prominent corner, before every well

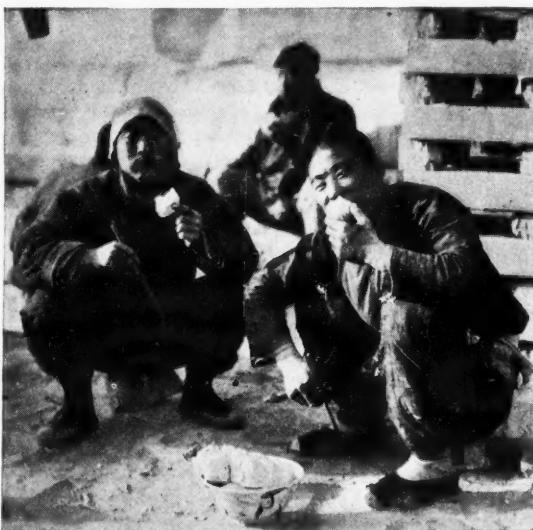
a leg of the bird fried in peanut oil, seasoned with soya sauce and red or green chopped peppers.

Then there are sweets. There is peanut brittle and there is hard candy similar to our taffy, flavored with peppermint or wintergreen. On the first day of the full moon there are moon cakes. For pagan feast days and the new year there are numerous specialties.

What interesting characters are our "little business men"! They are wretch-



Caught with his mouth open!



patronized shop. Up in the mountains, coolies struggle over an incline to be repaid by coming upon a welcome "little business man" ready to minister to them.

The food peddler fills the role in China of our quick-lunch carts, our frankfurt stands, our wayside diners. Primitive though they seem, the little outfits are ingeniously complete. There is a clay stove fed by two or three pieces of wood or charcoal. There is a box, an old basket, an oil can fitted with compartments in which are stored dishes, chopsticks, a few other supplies—and the food.

The food may be nourishment or sweets. There is almost always tea; there are rice gruel, noodles, concoctions of soya bean, while the more pretentious installations will include a piece of pork or a chicken. You may order



Upper left: Wayfarers consuming a dish of Chinese dumplings.

Upper right: Lunch counter near a ricksha stand.



Beginning young at dining out of doors.

edly poor, for their turn-over is in tiny coins which at the end of a heavy day seldom total over half a Chinese dollar, or fifteen cents in American money. But they are gay, good-humored fellows who often become celebrated as community characters, singing ditties as they sell, welcomed everywhere since they help to chase away the blues.

Occasionally one of them is won to Christianity. For many years the caretaker of the Maryknoll mission in Wu-chow was a converted "little business man," a harmless, wizened bit of humanity whom the missionaries nicknamed "the Brute." He brought with him all the frugality and watchfulness of the pennies which he had acquired at his trade.

Next time you stop by the roadside for a "hot dog" think of China's "little business men."



From the City of the Golden Gate

sociation, the Pontifical Work of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy, and the Missionary Union of the Clergy.

The letter continues as follows:

His Excellency, Archbishop John J. Mitty, ruler of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, protagonist of the missions, old friend of Maryknoll.

◆
Below: San Francisco's great Trans-Bay Bridge, which links Maryknollers on both sides of the Golden Gate.

MARYKNOLL'S greatest source of encouragement is the good will it possesses among the Catholics of the United States. Rare indeed are the instances, however, where this good will has reached the level of the warm affection showered upon us by the Archbishop, the priests, and the people of San Francisco. Archbishop Hanna and now Archbishop Mitty have both shown themselves not merely friends but

stauch advocates of the cause for which Maryknoll labors.

The most outstanding act of confidence of Archbishop Mitty has been his statement concerning Maryknoll in his pastoral on Home and Foreign Missions issued last autumn.

In this comprehensive document His Excellency explains the preeminent position of the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies: the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood, the Catholic Near East Welfare As-

“The work of the foreign missions demands, first of all, vocations to the field afar. Some twenty-five years ago, upon the recommendation of the Hierarchy of the United States, the Holy See approved the establishment of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, familiarly known as Maryknoll. Its purpose is to train American priests, Brothers and Sisters for missionary work in foreign lands. Its creation was a call to the Catholic youth of America to consecrate their lives to spreading Christ's Kingdom upon earth. It is one of the glories of the Church in the United States that our Catholic youth has responded so generously and unselfishly.”

His Excellency next expounds the task of the home mission workers and concludes very effectively as follows:

“I am anxious to bring home to every member of the clergy, religious and laity of the Archdiocese the fundamental teaching of Christ and the Church concerning the missionary spirit and its consequent obligation of missionary interest and missionary activity. It is only by the missionary spirit that we rise to the standard and ideal of discipleship of Christ and make ourselves worthy of fellowship with Him.”



“WHAT IS ESPECIALLY NEEDFUL FOR A CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE MISSION MOVEMENT



BUILDING BOYS IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Every institution that forms boys with fine ideals is preparing potential apostles.

CITY boys with pale faces and bluff sturdiness, small town boys with a timidity born of the year's taunts at a boarding school, boys back for their second year at Camp Venard poised on their experience and *at home* with their superior knowledge of things *campy*—

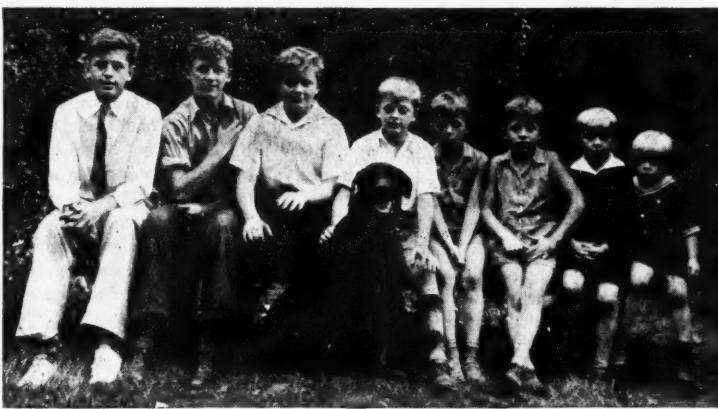
the bewilderment of the first hour, banished the first day by the well balanced schedule of the camp.

Camp Venard is located on the Maryknoll College grounds about eight miles from Scranton, Pa. It is open to boys from ten to fifteen years of age.

Father John F. Walsh is already making plans for the 1937 season. Address him at Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.

Maryknoll is also watching with interest the work of other Catholic camps. A new one is Camp Flagg.

We have a photo from Doctor Flagg of the *nucleus* of the camp. Parents who would like their youngsters with the Flagg's should address: Box 126, Vinal Haven Camp, Inc., Vinal Haven, Maine.



they all turn up happily when camp opens. They are an interesting lot: most of them afraid of horses, but dreaming of cantering on a dappled gray; all of them anxious to acquire an Indian's marksmanship, but entertaining a lurking fear that archery might in some sense be synonymous with *sissy*; these heroes of a thousand dreams are now faced with a reality which they hardly know how to dare. All this is

Above: Summer-time huskies at Camp Venard, on the grounds of the Maryknoll College, Clarks, Summit, Penna.

Left: Doctor Flagg's eight sons, nucleus of Camp Flagg, Vinal Haven, Maine. Below: A collection of salutes during morning inspection, Camp Venard.



IS THE ACTION OF PRIESTS, INFORMING AND STIMULATING THAT OF THE LAITY."



A ROSE AND A RARE GARDENER

By F. X. Eastman

ROSE RAMDEEN was as much worried as anybody else, but she got a little tired listening to the jeremiads of the men. Being a woman, she was a realist and so spent more time in gathering fruit than in lamenting rice, on the principle of looking the situation in the face. Being a Christian woman, she had her own ideas about the withholding of the blessed rain from the island that could remain so sunk in sin and superstition after knowing the true doctrines. For the test of the prolonged drought had been too much for the faith of many, and they had reverted to worshiping idols.

Some days before, the head men of the village took old *Dyaus*, the harvest god, out in solemn procession. "Going to let him see how badly the rice needs rain," they said. Rose and a few other women crossed themselves and prayed and scoffed. "Fine chance to get rain from that fat old wooden fellow," they jeered. "Now we shall never get any rain. This is offending God. Can any happiness come from it?" But the faithful few made little headway. Great crowds joined the procession.

Rose went home sad and being an Amboynan woman said little, for in that Commonwealth, it fell to the lot of the men to speak words and regulate affairs. At least, such was the time-honored custom and established theory. Actually, of course, the women of Amboyna, as elsewhere, said more than their prayers, but it was among themselves over the cooking pots rather than in the Councils of State. So Rose worried and prayed and kept her counsel, as she cooked a measure of the precious dwindling rice for the supper that was to greet her husband returning with the fishing fleet that night.

"John," said Rose, after listening for a half hour to his recital of what happened during the fishing expedition. "The rice isn't going to last much longer. If no rain comes and the new crop is lost, we shall have to live on plantains."

John knew this only too well. The

prospect was not pleasing. He began to grumble, as is the fashion of his kind. In the middle of his tirade, however, he suddenly remembered a piece of news he had to impart. "By the way, we passed a boat coming from Ternate this morning. They say it is coming here and has a priest aboard. Maybe he can ask God to send us some rain or something. I can't think of any other way to get it."

"John! A priest coming here! Why didn't you tell me?" The usually placid Rose was excited. It was indeed a piece of news. Malacca was far away; its merchants came seldom to Amboyna; its priests were few and came even more rarely. Actually, the island had not seen a priest for five years. Rose was elated. "Are you sure there is a priest aboard? He came at a good time. Did you know the people took the idol out of the pagoda last week and all worshiped it? There was an immense crowd—lots of Christians, too. I saw people from all of our seven Christian villages. I was ashamed. People offending God, no rain coming. Isn't that so?"

John agreed. "Am I going fishing with idols to protect me?" he asked of the roof and all the nooks and corners of the house, looking everywhere but at Rose. This was the manner of his people whose favorite form of locution is the rhetorical question addressed to the four winds of heaven. "Where would I have been in that last typhoon if that greasy old idol was protecting me? Feeding fishes, instead of catching them. If the Star of the Sea didn't protect me, who did? I am asking you? As for me, I am praying to God and

THE monthly wage of a Native Catechist in the Maryknoll Missions of China is fifteen dollars.

The "Catechist Need" is one of our Missioners' most pressing and constant pleas.

His Mother. These people will not enjoy happiness."

"That isn't all," put in Rose. "That old *Mr. Ahmed* who speaks the words in Sandy Bank Village wasn't satisfied with a procession. He insisted on setting the idol up right beside the rice fields. Said he had to see how dry it was. And the crazy women are all burning incense, and"

"How can he see without eyes?" broke in John. "And what could he do if he did see? Better take the old rascal out and throw him into the river. He needs a bath anyhow. That's all the water he will ever see," expostulated the blunt fisherman. Then suddenly, surprised to find himself saying something clever, his eyes strayed for confirmation to his wife who now stood over the fire infusing the tea. The glow of the firelight that has a way of enhancing dusky beauty played over his personable Rose. She turned big, luminous eyes to his. They smiled in a rare and fugitive moment of mind meeting mind. "John, how clever. It's a wonderful idea. If the old idol can't give us any water for the rice, we can give him some for a bath. He needs it, after all the incense these stupid women are burning in his sooty old face. Maybe we can tell the priest. Here is tea. You are tired. I wonder if it's the same priest who came last time. He could not speak our Amboyna words. Anyhow, we can see tomorrow."

John took his ease while Rose pottered about the little tasks of the Amboyna housekeeper. Her heart swelled at the manifestation of staunch faith on the part of the simple fisherman who shared her lot, as the heart of woman never fails to do at any revelation of goodness in a man—perhaps because it has learned to expect rather the opposite from the lumbering and inexplicable creatures. Rose went happily to the rough board she called a bed.

A spare but wiry foreigner, with a merry face and a delapidated cassock,

was seen on the beach of Amboyna the next morning. It was Francis Xavier on his first visit to the island. He had picked up a few words of the language on the trip over and had a simple greeting "for the people who welcomed him warmly as he went about, poking into the villages, smiling an *entrée* for himself, laughing and playing with the children. There was a young catechist from Malacca with him, who knew the island *patois* well and explained that Father Francis wanted them all to come to the chapel for catechism. They all promised. They were genuinely glad to see the priest. And then, this one was so nice to the children. The little ones loved him already. This was a key to the heart of Amboyna, as it is, indeed, to the affection of any people who themselves love those little strayed angels entrusted to them by an all-wise God. His way no doubt of eliciting from their earthly hearts that mutual exercise of love and sacrifice that fits them for Heaven.

In spite of the hearty welcome, however, Xavier was not long on his rounds before he heard about the recent serious defection of the little flock. "Well, we shall see what can be done," he answered calmly to the complaints of the few scandalized faithful ones. "Don't be too hard on the people. The priest comes seldom, and they had no chance to learn much doctrine." There was a twinkle in his eye when he added, "I do not see any rain falling. Apparently, the idol has failed to meet the situation. But," seriously again. "it is a great offense against God, and we must put a stop to it."

There was a commotion on the edge of the crowd. A young woman pushed her way forward. The spirited Rose had forgotten the inhibition of island custom. "Father," she burst out amid the group of men, "the women won't stop their incantations and incense burning. We told them it was no use, but they say they must do it until the rain comes. I told them they were keeping the rain away by offending God, but their hearts are not opened. Maybe the Father has some means to make them stop."

Saint Francis looked at the indignant little person who was taking on herself the solicitude of the island church and his heart warmed. He had also

YOU multiply your own good work every time you interest a new friend in Maryknoll.

listened attentively to her little speech and found in it the idea for which he had been searching in his quandary—for hampered as he was by ignorance of the language, even the Saint had been nonplussed at finding a way out of the trouble.

"Did they say they would not stop until it rains? Go tell them for me it won't rain until they stop."

"Father, will you ask God to send the rain? I'll tell them you promise."

"I cannot command the rain, my child. Only God can do that. I do not know His



An artist of Padua depicts for us the first Mission Band, off with the First Missioner at its head.

will. But I promise you He will not let the rain fall to strengthen their superstitious fear of this foolish idol. You go tell them no repentance, no rain. I want them to destroy the idol. After that, we shall see if God will forgive this offense and send rain. After all, He is not very angry, for this is more ignorance than malice on the part of our good people."

"Father, surely," Rose was all eagerness. "I am going." She lingered. Her husband's sarcastic reference to the idol of the night before popped into her mind. "Must the idol be destroyed, Father? How would it be to give him a ducking in the river? My husband

said since the idol cannot give us any water for the rice, it is best for us to give him some by a good bath. Then at least he will know what water is."

The Saint smiled again. This little person would make a good missioner herself, he thought. She certainly did not lack ideas. "Excellent," he said, beaming. "That is a good plan. The punishment will fit the crime. Go and suggest a bath for the bogus rain maker."

Rose found the main offenders a bit crestfallen and chastened this time by the failure of their panicky superstitions. A week had passed and the sky was as brassy as ever. A spark of faith lurking somewhere in their rude hearts had rendered them a bit uneasy from the start. Rose talked them all down and, finally, to end it all in a burst of enthusiasm, she shouted to them gleefully, "Come on, now. Let us take the idol and show him what water is, since he evidently does not know. He can't send any water, so let us give him a bath in it. That will teach him a lesson."

Humor in a spring of action is like a match in powder. It was all over with the idol from that moment. One woman smiled, another laughed out loud. Goodbye idol. The pack sprang on him as one, and amid the cackle and jeers of his former worshipers he was ingloriously shuffled into the watery element that was to be his first bath and his last resting place.

Saint Francis disclaimed all credit for the rain that fell the next day, although the catechist reported that his master's bed was untouched, and he must have spent the whole night in prayer. "God rewards those who trust in Him," said the Saint to the delighted community that gathered around him in the chapel at the hour of catechism. "And for even one or two faithful ones He will always do great things." The dusky complexions of Rose and John were not susceptible to blushes, but at this reference they performed the Amboynan equivalent of gazing at the ground. The happy crowd milled about in a common ecstasy. Outside, a lowering sky was letting fall the cloudburst that would save the rice. Thanks to a rose of God's planting and a rare gardener, all was rosy in Amboyna.

A Glimpse at Life Among Manchu Bandits

A portion of Father Burns' own account of his nine months with Manchu bandits.



Father Clarence Burns between Monsignor Raymond A. Lane, Prefect Apostolic of Fushun, and Father Joseph McCormick, Fushun's Society Superior, at the time of Father Burns' release.



URING the summer, a band of seven bandits guarded me at the home of Major Wei Te Tsang. He himself would spend only several days at home in the course of a month, but his young wife and three year old daughter and the wife of officer Hsiao Ko Ch'ang lived there with us.

During this period, I learned one means of their support. Their farmer friends grew poppies, prepared and gave them the crude opium in large quantities. This was divided and each officer received a cake, the value of which ran

from \$500 to \$1,000. This served as a means of exchange whenever they



Mr. Wu the faithful catechist who valiantly bore all with Father Burns during the nine months of their captivity, here pictured with his family.

wished to pay for their goods.

The bandits talked sometimes of retaining me to teach them English, which I quickly discouraged, saying that I had not come to the Orient to teach English. Although they gave up the idea of retaining me as a professor of English, many members of the band constantly requested definitions and wanted to know how to say this and that in English. Generally speaking, they lacked knowledge of their own language; could neither read nor write. I knew how useless English would be to them in a land where the nearest English speaking resident, except for myself, was two hundred miles away. I decided that if they were going to pester me, I might as well amuse myself. When they asked me what an article was, rather than give them the name, I would give them the definition in English. Another article I would name in German, another in French, and yet another in Latin.

Sleep was impossible, due to the position of my two guards on either side of me upon the *k'ang* (stone bed). They slept in such a manner that their heads were practically on my shoulders, while their bodies were stretched across mine. Card playing and gambling, which until now had been only periodic, became their daily schedule. Not infrequently, a game begun in the evening, would be carried through the night with perhaps an hour's rest before breakfast, through another day, and again, another night. The game was always played on the *k'ang*, rendering



Major Kohayashi, of the Japanese forces at Tung Hua, who worked for Father Burns' release.

it impossible for me to stretch out.

My companion, catechist Wu, served as my cook, but Major Wei found the bread which Wu was baking for me, quite delightful eating. So when a loaf was baked, or rather burnt into some sort of consistency, Major Wei would immediately order Wu to bring it to him. Even when on the road, he would despatch one or two men to his home with orders to bring back a loaf of bread. Pigs, cows and dogs were butchered, and I believe I can truthfully say that nothing but the bones were thrown away. Fish were caught in great quantities in a nearby mountain stream. The method used was this: the bark was stripped from the root of a walnut tree and pounded into a pulp. When placed in the water it produced a blueish color which stunned or blinded the fish, and they were easily scooped up from the stream. I have seen some thirty to sixty pounds of fish eaten at one meal by those ten bandits. The fish, like the animals above mentioned lost little in cleaning, while I lost what little appetite I had.

I can never be sufficiently grateful to my companion, Wu. He had every opportunity to leave us. There was no necessity for him to suffer so much. He was not watched with the same vigilance which they maintained over me. The days were many when he could have gone, and his absence would not have been noticed for several hours. Yet, never once did he attempt to escape.

On one occasion, when we were fleeing from the soldiers, he had fallen

A STRINGLESS shoe can halt your walk. A "Stringless" Gift makes Maryknoll go.

back some distance beyond us. I was their valuable man. All were watching me and his absence was not noticed. Later, he told me that on this occasion his temptation to go had been very severe. He felt he could go no farther. He knew that the bandits would not return to look for him when they discovered his absence, and it seemed a sure opportunity to escape. He had a family, in faithfulness to whom he had never failed; his heart ached to return home. Yet, he said, "No, I cannot go. The *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father) is still in the hands of these men. I must stay and serve the *Shen Fu* until the end, even though in doing so I

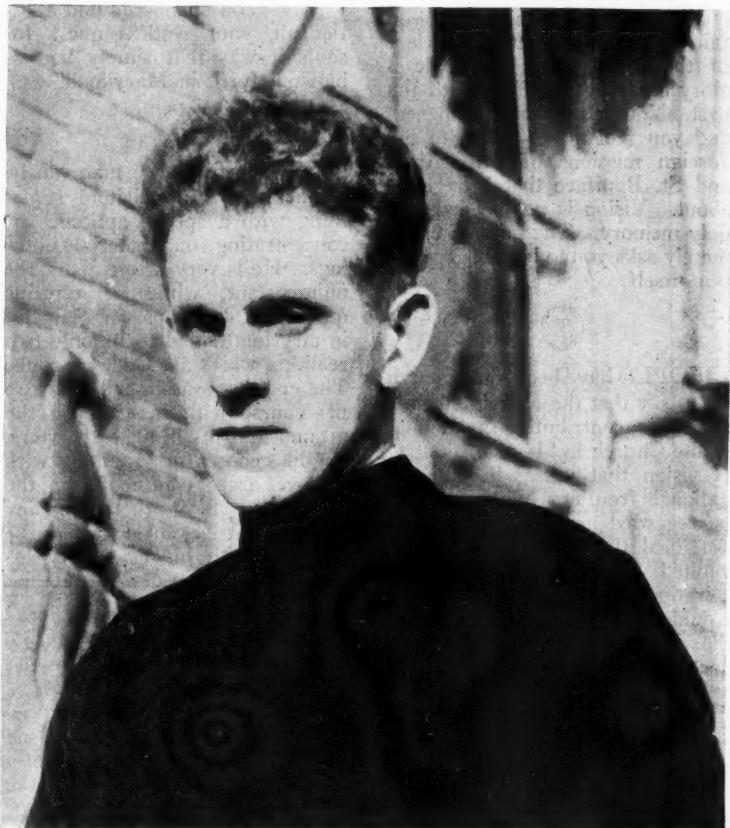
must sacrifice my life." He plowed on and joined the rest of us at the top of the hill, to receive the cursing and beating of his captors.

This is the type of Christian man my companion Wu is. May God bless and reward him for his fidelity to me, for under God, I know, but for his faithfulness I would be lying headless somewhere in the mountains of Manchukuo.

Father Clarence Burns, of Toledo, Ohio, was over nine months a prisoner of Manchu bandits. Captured February 5, 1936, he gained his freedom November 13, 1936. Part of his deeply impressive story appears herewith. The complete account may be had in pamphlet form:

Father Burns Among Manchu Bandits

Five cents a copy, \$4.00 per hundred.
Address: *The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.*



Brother Peter's best photograph of Father Burns, taken at Fushun shortly after his home-coming.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



"Forth to the Paschal Victim,
Christians, bring your sacrifice of
praise." —Easter Sequence.

FORESIGHT is a gift to be admired, but hindsight is also a quality not to be despised. If you fail to envision a Catholic Orient of the future, you can at least glory in a Catholic Europe of the past. You know how it happened, and you feel no objection to the foreign missions of St. Patrick and St. Boniface that brought it about. Vision is not needed, but only memory. The mission cause merely asks you to help history repeat itself.



PEOPLE have been kind enough to say that the Maryknoll missioner is contributing something to the Church in his own country. A vision that passes beyond the national frontiers might perhaps be regarded as a benefit for all. An ideal that passes beyond the vaulted skies can indeed be an inspiration to all. And a spirit that would go the whole way to live the vision and to die for the ideal may fairly be considered, if it can maintain its standard, as something of a blessing on all.

Yet, we do not consider ourselves to have attained; we merely press towards the mark. What is perhaps true is the fact that we have a mark to press towards—but where did we obtain it? We

have thought of ourselves as receiving rather than giving. We think we derived something from the Church of our own land, and we think we know what it is. It is that same vision and that same ideal and that same spirit, and we do not know where they could have come from, unless it be from the clergy of America that gave us birth.

Country pastors riding in dilapidated buggies over muddy roads to bring Christ to their scattered flocks were paving the way for Maryknoll. City curates threading back alleys and climbing tenement stairs to keep their people close to Christ were setting the stage for Maryknoll. Busy missioners going up and down and in and out in everlasting journeys for Christ were harbingers of Maryknoll. Tired but tireless priests, good shepherds and apostles all, your restless quest for souls it was that simply had to blossom forth in Maryknoll.



ONE way in which man can be defined is a spiritual something with a special aptitude for concentrating on material nothings. He is very active about the unimportant, while he remains quite capable of passing his life in airy inattention to its only two realities, which are God and souls. The creature was intended to run his course with his feet on the ground and his head in the stars, but he chooses to jog along with his eyes fixed continually on the landscape. Is it, therefore, any wonder that he can look upon the missions with his customary in-

"Pray And Work For Conversions"

"*EDUCATE the vast army of Catholic children in the message of the Immaculate Conception, train them in practices and habits of continually praying and sacrificing themselves to aid the countless millions now perishing eternally, and we shall soon have an apostolic nation that will send out missioners to the whole world.*" —Father Price.

WE WISH THAT ALL THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS BE ASSISTED

difference to the things that matter? He needs to get interested in Reality, and he will then see the mission work that links God and souls, not as an exotic specialty, but as what it is—the central problem of all the world.



IT has been said by a saint that there is no real love of God without patience, and it may be added by a sinner that there is also no real love of God without impatience. The missioner to the Orient learns the one without forgetting the other. He learns to adapt his hurried gait to a slower tempo, and to possess his hasty soul in peace amid a thousand contradictions and delays. He learns to plan and hope and trust for tomorrow when he cannot act for today. And he learns, whether he is catching his boat or building his church, to smile and wait—and this is patience.

But there is also a patience that he does not learn, and herein he is impatient. He does not learn to stand all the day idle in a field white for the harvest, and like it. He does not learn to see souls perishing all around him, and put up with it. He does not learn to watch great opportunities for God pass by, and resign himself to it. And he never will learn it, for he has also the virtue of impatience.

Patient man, cling to your glorious impatience. Stand in the rain, wade through the mud, hobble to the village, tarry and linger and wait—and always keep your patience. It is for yourself and you need it. But keep also your impatience, which is not for yourself, but for God and souls, and we shall not blame you too much for it nor fail to understand. For your patience is virtuous indeed and good, but your impatience is divine.



"*MAY the missionary spirit be enkindled today in the heart of every priest and may it inflame the hearts of all the faithful and win them for the holy and divine work.*" —Pius XI.

The True Reasons For Missions



HE missioner is conceded to have a prior and vested right in propaganda, since the very work is a leaf taken from his book, deriving as it does from the name of the Sacred Congregation that directs the foreign mission work of the Church. But the term of noble lineage and patrician bearing has fallen into some little disrepute, and the missioner tends to fall with it. For there are two kinds of propaganda, and he has engaged in both. There is the propagation of his Faith, which is his chief vocation, and there is the propagation of his hope, which is his chief avocation. One is the publicity he gives the Church in striving to create interest in its message, and the other is the notoriety he gives himself in seeking to direct interest to its messenger. He is famous for the one, and perhaps infamous for the other, being known almost equally well as a soldier of Christ and as a beggar for Christ.



Publicity is, of course, not a luxury but a necessity to the missioner, and for the simple reason that his work is far away. Does distance really lend enchantment, and absence fondness? To him it seems rather that out of sight is out of mind. Is it possible to sit in the Polo Grounds and worry about Manchukuo? Can you visualize the missioner climbing his mountains as you loop along the Express Highway? It takes powerful and repeated publicity to annihilate the great barrier of space that lies between the field of labor and the source of supply.

It happens to some extent, when a Stoddard goes to the South Seas, or a Byrd to the South Pole. But it takes some doing. Human nature is local. Virgil's shepherd could only compare Rome to the village he knew, just as some people think of Newark as lost in the dim reaches of the Far West. The missioner finds himself in a lost Atlantis indeed, as far as practical help is concerned, and he tends to think of

himself as out of sight, out of mind, out of luck. He must take some means to offset this difficulty. Inevitably, it is propaganda.



It cannot be contended that he has always conducted his propaganda with taste and judgment. For generations his dominant note was an unhappy minor chord. He chose to report his work as harried and hampered to a degree that defeated sympathy by its very excess. He pictured himself as the most miserable of men. His people were always getting massacred, when they were not being drowned in floods or starved in famines; his churches were forever burning down, except when they occasionally varied the program by succumbing to a tornado or a typhoon. He himself was invariably penniless, often sick, frequently persecuted. The picture bored. Sympathy works with possibilities, whereas the hopeless problem elicits merely gloom and grief, for misery loves company, but company does not love misery. On the other hand, his very success was also open to question. Just as his misery was too bad to be interesting, so his success was too good to be true. He was always on the verge of making extraordinary progress, if only he had some financial help; the people would flock to him in droves in case money was forthcoming to build a certain chapel; the harvests were ripe all around him, and the only thing that stood in the way of wholesale reaping was his lack of a little cash. Sometimes, he chose the desperate note. This school is going to close unless some money is made immediately available; failing your help we must abandon our hospital; without your check we shall be obliged to send all our catechists away. The wolf was

so often at his door that people began to bet on the wolf. There was no catharsis in his tragedy. He had a good cause, but psychology, art, and ordinary common sense were all against him.

All that was in the good old days of propaganda. The American missioner saw the handwriting on the return envelope, and he developed a new technique. He knew that nothing succeeds like success, and he saw that people would the more readily help him to succeed, if he first did a little succeeding on his own account. He also knew that a tiger hunt is better propaganda than a burning church. He combined the optimistic with the bizarre, in a type of propaganda that was a great improvement on the old recipe. However, he retained at least one questionable practice, and this was his ruthless use of concealed weapons. He was leading you on with his tigers and pagodas. You read along charmed with his oriental imagery and relieved to find a missioner at last who was not after your money, but you had a rude awakening when he suddenly inserted the dagger in his last paragraph. Just a new kind of appeal. You did not mind too much. But you wondered a little, perhaps, if there is ever any other side to mission work but money.



Mission work needs money, always did, always will. But mission propaganda must learn the remote approach, which means it must get down to the real reasons that underlie mission work. Those reasons are spiritual. They are not sympathy, not sentiment, not entertainment, not information. They are concerned with the world's deepest realities, which are God and souls. The business man no longer urges people to buy his product, but starts a long distance back with an educational program that inculcates the need, whereupon the product automatically sells itself. Missioners must likewise start farther back. Money is the last detail, even though an important one. God and souls are the basis. When these reasons have gripped the popular mind as they should, everything else will follow.

"CONVINCED that God alone can convert a soul, the missioner seeks grace through prayers: his own and those of his friends. And you are, or should be, his friends. A measure of prayer cooperation, steady and regular, however small, is in your power to give."—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.



AM writing this on Easter Sunday night to record an unusual event, four re-conversions. The latter came with an influx of people in answer to an invitation to our Easter celebration. The invitation was sent by messengers to both pagans and Christians in every village on Sancian Island.

Here is a translation of the invitation:

"The nineteenth day of the Chinese third moon is Easter Sunday. High Mass will be sung and a sermon will be preached at eight o'clock in the morning. All who wish to come will be most welcome. Afterward, the mission will provide a meal for all, Christians and pagans alike. Please reply early so that we shall know how

many to expect from each village. All are requested to register their names when they come on Easter Sunday."

A goodly number answered the circular and sent their names, a few gave the number we might expect. This morning, we tried to register the names of all who came, but the task was too much for old teacher Ko ("Tall" who is very short).

During High Mass, there were 210 present according to the offi-

vated stoves over which the large iron cauldrons of rice were boiled.

The feast cost me sixty dollars—thirty-seven for the rice and vegetables and twenty-three for the live pig. However, I am happy about the whole business, for we certainly started something.

Catholics came from five villages, and besides talking to these, we had a chance to speak to 73 pagans from eight new villages. In short, 210 heard doctrine, 342 were fed, 31 received Holy Com-

Above: The shrine church at Sancian, where Xavier died.

Right: Father Robert Cairns, pastor of Sancian, with a catechist family.

Below: Returning toward evening from the China mainland to Sancian Island, eight miles off the coast.



cial count, but how they fitted into the church, puzzles me.

A few hours later the Sancian multitude sat down on the grass for dinner. Stones stuck together with mud formed four huge ele-

munition, four black sheep were retrieved by the Good Shepherd, and two children were baptized. I call it a blessed day, for the joy in Heaven brings joy to earth and happiness to Sancian.



HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

ON BEING JAPANESE AND BEING AMERICAN



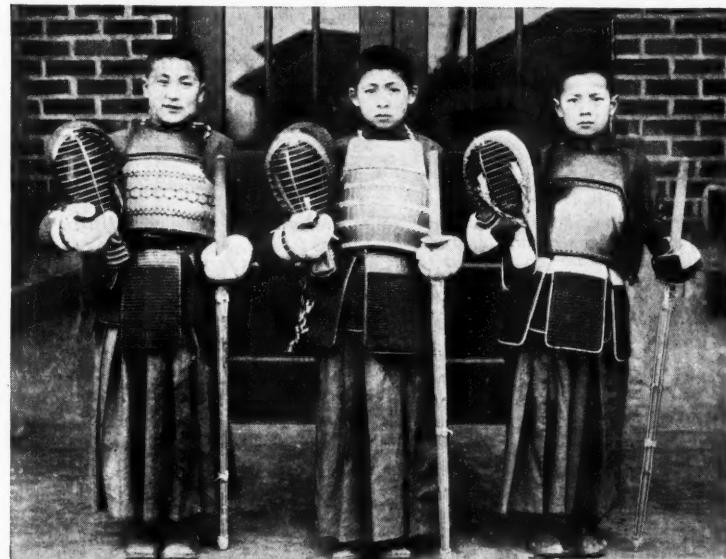
If you counted 13 or 14 summers and found yourself growing up away from your homeland of America, living in Japan, what do you think you would do about the games you played?

You would probably do as the Japanese youngsters do on our Pacific Coast. You would take up the games of the boys around you. Then, intrigued by the stories from the dear land across the seas, you would be happy for any opportunity to get into the games which belong particularly to boys of your own blood.

Thus, we find our Pacific Coast Japanese boys thoroughly excited about football, basketball and other games which belong peculiarly to the Western world. Baseball can no longer claim this distinction; it has become so popular in Japan that it is played almost as widely there as in America.

Besides these, there are the Japanese sports, ken-jutsu, kyu-jutsu, ju-jutsu, and, to a minor degree kemari, battledore and shuttlecock.

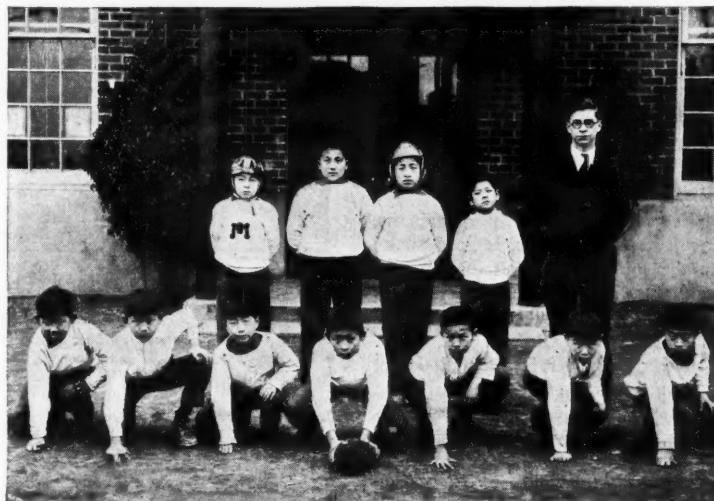
Ken-jutsu is the art of handling the ancient Japanese sword, and hence, is similar to our fencing. Of an evening in Seattle we hear violent clashing of wood on wood as we pass the Mary-



Above: Japanese style; costumed for Ken-jutsu, the sport of Japan's ancient samurai.

Left: Ken-jutsu in the back yard.

Below: American style; Brother Adrian with his Japanese football team.



knoll school hall. On investigation we find the boys engaged in ken-jutsu. Each wears a face-guard, a plastron to cover the trunk, and gauntlets to protect the arms and hands. The regulation substitute for a sword is a specially prepared bamboo staff a little over four feet long which is gripped in both hands.

The signal given, the contestants seek to strike the head, trunk or arms, or to thrust at the throat (all of which, luckily, are well protected!) of adversaries. The winner must make two successful hits out of three contests.

Kyu-jutsu is the art of archery, while ju-jutsu is a kind of wrestling though the name signifies the art of suppleness. Both men and women take it up as a means of self-defense as well as a sport.

Kemari is a game in which men or women stand in a circle and by little kicks keep a small ball from touching the ground.

Battledore is a bat, shuttlecock is a small light ball with a feathery sail on it. The bats keep the ball floating between the contestants; when it falls, someone pays a penalty.

SUPPORT A MARYKNOLLER AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY.

THE MONTH WITH THE MISSIONERS

Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 150 priests and 15 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in six territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. These are: 1. Vicariate of Kongmoon; 2. Vicariate of Kaying; 3. Prefecture of Wuchow (all three in South China); 4. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo; 5. Prefecture of Peng Yang

in Korea; 6. Japanese Mission about Lake Biwa, Japan.

These six territories embrace 120,000 square miles and contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New England. They include 45,000 Catholics, of whom 5,800 adults are last year's converts.



THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., Vicar Apostolic, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Fr. Gleason, of Mo.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, P. Malone, T. Malone and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, McClarnon, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada. Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kaying,
via Swatow, China

Plain Language—

To Hyde Park, London, and Union Square, New York City, may now be added Kaying, China, as open forums for the expression of religious convictions, political ambitions, economic solutions, and marital advice to popular sovereigns. Old Shak Lao Pac, dean of the Kaying pensioners, recently startled Father Quinn, who heard him vociferating to a small gathering:

"And when you've passed away and your soul stands before the face of the Lord of Heaven, do not say that old Shak Lao Pac didn't warn you. Don't

say I didn't advise you to join the Catholic Church. It won't be my fault if you go down to Hell."

Another Headache—

If a missioner in Kaying has the fabulous sum of sixty dollars he may approach the Christians in his vicinity, and in all probability they will cooperate with him in financing a Catholic school. Recently, Father Eckstein procured this amount for the opening semester, and his head must have swelled with a pardonable pride when he saw thirty pupils troop in for instruction. Now, however, it is reported that Father Eckstein is suffering from severe *mal de tête*, or is his racking headache due to worry about whence will come another sixty dollars for the fast approaching new term? As he travels back and forth between Liu Su and Moilin, he has time to figure it out, but nothing to figure with. Are there any mathematicians among our readers who can offer a solution?

Dying Visitors—

Never keep a visitor waiting in the rectory reception room, is good advice to the entire clergy, but especially to missioners in the Orient, for it is quite possible that the caller will have died before the priest's arrival.

Father Gallagher finds that it is not uncommon for the Christians in Kaying to come to the priest for the last Sacraments, when they feel that death is drawing near, for the Chinese seem to have the remarkable faculty of keeping on their feet to the last. One old man

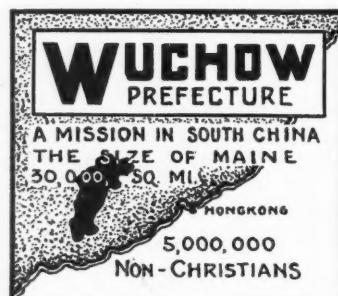
The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given below.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific coast.

came to Father Gallagher, a short time ago, received Extreme Unction, walked back home, and died three days later.

Times Square—

Broadway apparently has power to charm even the Hakkaites. In one of their ancient road-side inns a mural depicting the Gay White Way at 42nd Street, taken some twenty years ago, has been discovered. As a lure to the ecclesiastical-minded, a sister-picture, taken in recent years, portrays Santa Clara Mission. The untrained eye cannot determine which painting has attracted the greater trade.



THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. Glass, of Cresco, Ia.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cuneen, Foley, Gilleran, Keelan, Lacroix, MacRae, Mulcahy, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, Romaniello and Schulz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Fr. P. Donnelly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt. Central address:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi, China

Wuchow Missioner Pro Tem—

Father Thomas O'Melia, of Kongmoon, is substituting in the Wuchow field, because of losses from sickness in the mission personnel there. He spends the greater part of his time conducting a catechist school for the Cantonese-speaking region.

Pingnam's Native Novitiate—

The formal opening of the native novitiate at Pingnam, under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters, took place on Chinese New Year's in February. The Sisters' living quarters are so cramped that Monsignor Meyer would like to provide a house separate from the one occupied by the novices.

The Deluge—

Preparedness is a desirable state for a nation—also for a missioner, thought Father Tennien when he sent advance notice to a small village in Wuchow, to the effect that he would descend upon them presently, laden with sound arguments for their acceptance of the religion he would preach to them. Knowing that idol worship is an intrinsic part of paganism, and that no spiritual progress can be expected until the fear of false gods is banished, Father Tennien mentioned that he would use holy water in driving out the evil spirits. The villagers, with no thought of facetiousness, prepared for this intriguing part of the ceremony and had in readiness for it huge buckets of water, apparently believing that the missioner intended to use the liquid in quantities sufficient to immerse the images beyond resuscitation.

An Original—

By Monsignor Meyer.

The triangular success of a Catechumenate is determined by the fulfillment of an equi-angle mission principle.

1. A careful appraisal of the sincerity of those asking for instruction.
2. A solid course of instruction under the direction of experienced and dependable catechists.
3. A well-organized follow-up system after Baptism.

Q.E.D.

"Let Them Eat Cake"—

Brother Francis is lucky. No income tax to figure, no worn-out tires to re-

THE parish that cultivates the mission spirit will keep strong in the Faith.

place, no margin calls to affect his auditory nerves, not even static to disturb the air currents of a radio that he doesn't own. And yet conditions are not always rosy as they might be, thinks our Brother, as he reviews the past year. A deluge drowned the rice which could not be replanted because the season was too far advanced for a second interment of the seeds. Then followed a severe drought that parched the little rice that was salvaged after the heavy rains. The natives were just settling down to a resigned state of lethargy when a flood hustled them off to more distant and drier parts—but where rice was just as scarce. How about a little cake, instead, Brother?

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rev. A. J. Paschang, *Administrator*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, James Smith and J. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, McDermott, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Frs. C. Burns and Dietz, and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn and O'Melia, and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; and Fr. Tierney, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, So. China

Up An Alley—

Up a dark and dreary alley of a poverty-stricken quarter of Sunwui, in a residence of undetermined period, reigns Father Martin Burke. The rugged surroundings have stimulated Father Martin to try great things, as

for instance: the establishment of a school for catechumens, and two libraries; the opening of a pagan orphan asylum wherein several babies are baptized daily; the maintenance of two dispensaries in nearby villages; the training of five young men for the seminary and two young ladies for the convent. But these activities can no longer be restrained within the tiny house built over forty years ago, and if the Christians are to be held, there must be a suitable place in which to hold them. An acre of land would be adequate for the erection of the much needed school, church and dispensary, but there seems to be a little obstacle in the way, a mere \$6500.

Delayed Invitation—

Eighteen years is a long time to wait for an invitation. There are some hyper-sensitive souls who might infer they were unwanted, but then, they would not be motivated by the zeal and perseverance of the Maryknollers who sought an opening in a little town that adjoins Kongmoon. After almost two score years, the Elders of this village have finally broken down and have asked our missioners to open a free school in this section. The revered gentlemen have made it clear, however, that they have no interest in religion—but neither have they forbidden a casual reference to it. Who can tell to what extent their tolerance will broaden ere the passing of another eighteen years.

En Route to Heaven—

Father Tierney's First Aid Course served him doubly well when Paul Chan, a lapsed convert, became dangerously ill while traveling. According to the custom in this section of the Orient, he was placed in the death-house for the homeless and abandoned, but contrived, somehow, to get word of his misfortune to Father Tierney, who had him brought to the mission dispensary. There, Paul's infected hand and soul were both treated until healed. After a few weeks, however, the same physical malady appeared in the victim's feet, and realizing that his case was now hopeless, Father Tierney prepared him for death. With the spiritual serenity, usually associated only with saints, Paul received the Last Sacraments of the Church and died a few days later.

The Iconoclasts—

You can have a bang-up time on a tour of the mission stations if you make it with Father Paschang and his catechist. Moving from village to village, their horarium includes preaching to the prospective converts, instruction and examination in the doctrine, all leading up to the crucial moment when idols and joss bowls are torn from their sacred niches. Some of the former worshipers do not trust themselves to witness the dethronement of these images and hide during the ceremony. But they hear the crash, as the catechist, with passionate zeal of a destructive twist, smashes the crockery beyond the remotest claim of homage. A sprinkling of holy water disinfects the vacated premises, and then the saving waters of Baptism are poured over the neophytes. And so, on to the next village.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Fr. J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho; Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, Murrett, J. O'Donnell and Ziemia, and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Fr. Clarence Burns, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan and Mullen, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

On Leave—

Shan-Ch'eng Tze is lonesome these days while its pastor Father Murphy is extolling the wonders of the Far East to his old friends and neighbors in Springfield, Mass. The social customs and economic hardships of the Manchukuoans make good subjects for his entertaining talks.

GOD is never outdone in generosity. Send a "Stringless" gift to Maryknoll and God will do His share.

Another Landmark—

Although not fully organized, distinct progress has been made in the St. Francis Seminary. Adjustments in the curriculum continue; English has been added to the course for the purpose of giving the students access to a wider Catholic, and a general cultural literature. Special emphasis is being placed on the Probatorium with a view to assuring a well-rounded elementary training as a preparation for the Seminary.

"Onward Six Hundred" —

High land costs and an anaemic exchequer are responsible for Father Hewitt's greying temples. This hopeful missioner, however, guarantees that any assistance of a financial nature will not be squandered on color-restoring tonics but will be credited to a Building Fund for the erection of a church large enough to accommodate the six hundred fervent Christians who constitute the Dairen Chinese Parish. A convent and parish school could be housed in the basement of such an edifice.

We hope that Father Hewitt has a more successful appeal than his confrere Father Haggerty, who recently sought contributions for a memorial chapel in Sin Pin and received an aggregate sum of two dollars.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Poschpal and Steinbach, of Iowa; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Peloquin, Plunkett and M. Walsh, and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Petipren and Barron, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of

Minn.; Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Hardin, Nolan, Pardy and J. Ray, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; Bro. Augustine, of Pa.; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

Land Sighted—

Tuberculosis patients cannot be accommodated in the little hospital for bed patients in Chinnampo, but Father Steinbach, in charge of the Japanese mission there, has discovered an ideal site for a sanitorium. He modestly refrains from mentioning the cost of the property, knowing that if the Lord wishes them to build the house, it will be built in His own good time. Such faith will surely be rewarded.

Christmas Presents—

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through Anchu,

There were one hundred pagans
awaiting SHEN FU.

Father Barron's "Merry Christmas" was assured, when, after pouring the waters of Baptism over the heads of "these other sheep" they were made ready to receive the Babe of Bethlehem for the first time, on H's birthday.

During Father Barron's pastorate in Korea, the Anchu mission has been established; one thousand souls have been baptized; and a rectory, school, dispensary, and temporary chapel have been erected. The seed continues to grow.

A Misnomer—

If one wishes to remain on friendly terms with Father Coleman, Korea is not referred to as "Land of the Morning Calm." He claims that this designation is a poor translation of the word *Chosen*, or *Morning Freshness*, the name by which Koreans have known their country for the past thousand years. As his Sinological authority, Father Coleman quotes J. S. Gale, the historian, who spent forty years in Korea, and who sometimes calls this peninsula of China, "Land of the Morning Brightness." In attempting to trace the mistranslation, Gale discovered that one calumniator accuses the Koreans of laziness during the early morning watch-ees. Their daybreak activity, however, belies such a criticism.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, *Superior*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Briggs, J. Daly and Mackesy, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
53 Nishiki, Otsu, Japan

Eyes On Our Sanitorium—

The Governor of Shiga Province recently sent the Japan Knollers a formal inquiry as to the date of commencing work on the projected sanatorium. The reply was that Maryknoll would begin to cooperate in the fight against the tuberculosis scourge this spring.

One may gauge the attitude of the townspeople from the fact that they immediately appropriated two thousand yen of the sum paid into the town treasury for the sanatorium site, for the improvement of the road leading to the property. No one else benefits by the road.

Ultimately, the institution will possess one hundred beds. A first section of thirty beds is the present aim and will require something over twenty thousand dollars. An inexpensive Japanese-style convent will cost another five thousand dollars.

Churchless Land—

It will interest those at home to know that this province of Shiga, with its million souls, and its wealth of Shinto and Buddhist temples, has no Catholic church. Since their arrival, the Maryknollers have set themselves up in the business of the Lord in three different centers, namely, at Otsu, Hikone and Notogawa, but merely in rented houses.

There are no plans for church building in the immediate future. The present arrangements serve well enough for

the moment. Father Byrne would be glad indeed to welcome gifts for land and very probably would bubble over with joy if the price of a chapel or two dropped into his lap, but he is content to go forward with a much more modest program.

For the present, the desideratum is money to pay the landlord. The great aim of the Knollers in Japan is to make a beginning in building and beautifying temples of the Holy Ghost within the hearts of the citizens of their adopted land. At this pioneering stage, they feel that they will do best to hire simple dwellings or shops as temporary homes for the Eucharistic Lord. You may wish to help along this line.

**THE MISSIONERS, Los Angeles:**

Fr. Lavery, of Conn.; Fr. Martin, of Wis. (pro tem.); Bros. Paul and Theophane, of Mass.; Bro. Ambrose, of Holland.

Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 426 So. Boyle Ave.

THE MISSIONERS, Seattle:

Fr. Tibesar, of Ill.; Fr. Joyce and Bro. Adrian, of Mass.; Bro. Charles, of N. Y.

Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 1603 E. Jefferson St.

A Plea For Tolerance—

Sister Mary Martina, O.P., Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters at Los Angeles, spoke recently on the Oriental Exclusion Act, before the directors and executives of the Child Caring Agencies. An account of the talk was given front-page publicity in several of the Los Angeles papers. In urging the repeal of this Act, Sister Martina said:

"It is not necessary to open our ports wide to immigration of any people. But we should remove the total exclusion act and substitute for it the immigration quota. If we wished we could cut down the Japanese immigration to two or three persons a year but we should have removed the insult to our neighbors across the Pacific."

MAKE yours a Life Subscription to this paper. Fifty dollars will do it—and you may take two years for the payments.

TO EXPECT TO SHARE OF THE FRUITS OF HIS APOSTOLATE.

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rev. G. C. Powers, of West Lynn, Mass.; Fr. J. Murray, of Cambridge, Mass.; Fr. E. Halloran, of Buffalo, N. Y.; and Bro. Marius, of Kearny, N. J.

Address: Sacred Heart Rectory, 1901 Wilder Ave., Honolulu, Oahu, T. H.

Incipient Theologians—

School children in America be on your guard, for your little cousins in Hawaii are prepared to offer you strong competition. One of the local priests, visiting our school in Waikiki, was surprised when the youngsters in the first grade related to him many of the Bible stories, in detail. He was astonished when the second graders, both recited and explained the rosary for him. He did not dare continue on to the eighth grade, fearing to be confronted by a Cardinal Newman or a St. Thomas Aquinas.

One of our Sisters, a newly arrived teacher at this school, elicited the zenith in finality, when, asking for a sentence containing the word *unnecessary* a youngster complied with: "It is unnecessary to kill a dead man."

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rev. W. A. Fletcher, of Fall River, Mass.; Frs. A. Hannon and J. R. Hughes, of N. Y.

Address: St. Rita's Hall, Taft Ave., Manila, P. I.

The Guard Of Honor—

One hundred of the poorest boys in the Walled City formed the Guard of Honor for the Blessed Sacrament, during the procession at the International Eucharistic Congress in Manila in February. The Maryknoll Sisters made their cassocks and surplices and trained them for their privileged role, which was arranged through Father Koch, the Army Chaplain at Sternberg Hospital. Father Hannon, M.M., the Executive Secretary of the Congress, coached the singing. To date, no flagrant discords have been reported.

Knoll Notes



MARCH may bluster a bit at Maryknoll as elsewhere, but the bracing air is filled with anticipation of approaching spring, and the seminarians begin their build-up for the final months of study and for the atrocious exams at the school year's end by taking to spring's outdoors.

Many an apostle-to-be will have heeded the invitation of the Mary-

knoll woodlands to witness the first intimation of nature's awakening. Our first archers will have started out to try their skill with bow and arrow, unfamiliar sight in these woods since the days when the Sint-Sinc braves roamed and ruled them.

Neither redskin nor elf have our sceptical eyes seen in these woods, yet occasionally, a strange visitor may be encountered there. Such was our little old man of last March.

A group of us met him while the ground and trees were still



Upper left: Life again in the brook.

Above: Two seminarians, since ordained, dreaming over the rail of the rustic bridge.

Left: The archer. If funds fail, we are counting on him to fill the dinner plate.

covered with snow. We were passing the weather-beaten statue of St. Patrick when a cheery voice rang out.

"ow now yer riv'rances, might a body get a bite to eat yonder?"

Wrapped in a brown overcoat, four sizes too large, he smiled at us, his little blue eyes gleaming from beneath a grey cap. He was an ancient Knight of the Road, a bit astray from the highway. Evidently, the going had been hard, but he was a merry "lad" for all





A halt for lunch during an early spring bicycle expedition.

that.

Little by little we mined out his brief history: a ship-painter from Scotland, though born in old Erin . . . came to this country . . . no work . . . took to roaming the road . . . would stay at it, unless it too became overcrowded . . . Patrick Burgess by name, Dunfermline, Scotland.

"You've no rubbers?" we asked.

"St. Patrick didn't neither," he replied, with a glance at the statue. "He'll take care o'me, yer riv'-rances. That statue there now!" He studied it a moment in silence. "Have you some paint handy? Good old St. Pat there is dry for the want of it. After I get a bit of food, I'll give him a lick anna swab before I'm on my way. D'y'e think he'd mind a coat o' paint?"

"Not at all!"

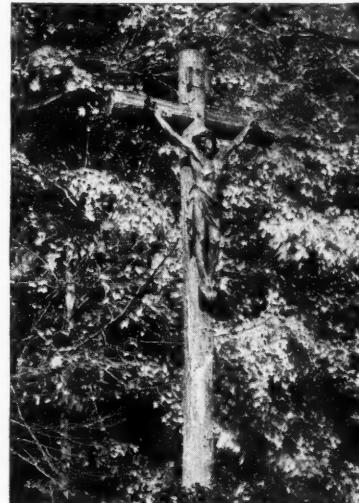
We took him to the Seminary, saw that he had dinner and then looked for the paint. But the shop was locked; Brother painter was away.

"When I come this way again, byes," (we had vetoed the "riv'-rances" by now) "I'll do the job for ye. God love ye!"

St. Patrick still waits for a "lick anna swab." Maybe our old friend will come back this year for his Feast, or is he, perhaps, giving a

"lick anna swab" to the shining walls of Jerusalem above?

March's first visitors find winter's eerie desolation still reigning in the woods, but some show of green here and there heralds the rebirth soon to come. The willow and lilac buds are swelling, the maples are sending out wee, rosytinged flowers, and drawing some few greedy bees, while the squirrels are beginning to chase around



Spring background for the crucifix.

in quest of chance leavings from the fall harvest.

Brother farmers and student gardeners are looking over their tools and implements with sharp appraisal of seasonal needs. All must be ready for spring tilling and planting. There are dull plough points, broken wheels, sprung reaches here and there, to be replaced; new handles to be put into rakes, spades, hoes and pitchforks; horses to be shod; ice caulk to be removed; problems galore for Father Procurator and his manual labor squads.

Fun, as well as work, lurks around that corner which we shall soon turn with Father Time. Rackets, gloves and bats, emerge from dark corners, and anticipation lends eagerness to young backs, bending to pluck the stones from the ball field or to put the finishing touches on the new tennis courts near the gulley.

A March day, like most any day at Maryknoll, is a day of a thousand joys and a thousand chores. Almost every move is in preparation for other days soon to come. Perhaps, this is why a seminarian leaps to its exactions so keenly. He thinks in terms of preparation, dedicated preparation for God's harvest-fields afar.

MISSIONERS, PARTICULARLY THOSE WHO GO OUT FROM AMERICA.

The Bounty Page

LEARNING FROM THE MAIL BAG

SIT down here in the Field Afar Office a few moments and get your finger on the pulse of the Maryknoll lovers around the country.

Some who write have means. God has blessed them and they find joy in worth-while giving. Here, for instance, is a letter from *New Rochelle, New York*:

We wish to pass through your hands the enclosed check for \$500 for a ward in the Gate of Heaven Leprosarium of South China. This is the gift of an alumna of the College of New Rochelle. May it inspire others to make sacrifices for the world's most wretched ones.

Again, there is a letter from a *California* lawyer:

I am enclosing a check for \$5.00. I wish to mention, too, that recently a woman for whom I was preparing a will asked for a suggestion as to whom she might bequeath \$500. I told her the story of Maryknoll, and you are now inscribed in her legacy.

Seldom, however, do the gifts touch three figures or more. Usually they are like the following from a community of religious Brothers:

We have a check for \$25 for the lepers in China. One Brother raffled his sweater. Brother Keven cut 36 heads of hair at ten cents a cut and raised \$3.60. God bless our missionaries.

And some represent real sacrifice:

My husband is not working but my little eleven year old daughter brought your dime card about to our friends. Enclosed is \$2.10 for you. Please pray for her that she may continue to get good marks in school, and for us that we may solve our grave financial problems.—*Mass.*

And how is this for an ingenuous means of aiding the cause?

Enclosed is \$10 towards a perpetual membership in Maryknoll. My salary is small, but I paint landscapes in oil



"One egg is enough if it is large enough," says Sarah Jane. "Ugle-ugh!" replies Emmanuel Marcellus, which is a casual way for saying, "I agree." No need to get excited in South Africa, where all eggs, being ostrich's, are large. Some folk are born lucky.

for prospective brides and send you the proceeds. Business will be dull for awhile, but spring is ahead. God bless you in your wonderful life for Him.—*Mass.*

Then, there are those who have Maryknoll Annuities, who receive their checks, and who write to

IN YOUR WILL DON'T overlook Maryknoll.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* (Maryknoll's legal title), the sum of—

Dollars.

This legacy to be used by the said *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

thank us:

Thanks very much for my check. I am grateful to God that I was wise enough to insure myself this little income, and secure some prayers for my soul's salvation, while, at the same time, I am having a share in the glorious work of the Maryknoll missionaries.—*Penn.*

Sometimes the notes are eloquently brief:

May God bless your great work!—*A Nurse*—One dollar anonymous gift from *New York*.

And there are many, too, who write as sponsors:

Enclosed is my monthly \$3.00 to care for a missioner for three days. It is a most gratifying privilege to be able to continue this little service for Him from whom all blessings flow.—*Calif.*

And so in endless succession come the missives, reminders to all of us at the Knoll that we do not labor alone, that throughout the length and breadth of the land are ardent souls which strive with us for God's conquests.

GIFTS OF THE MONTH

Burses—

We are happy to announce an addition of \$1,500 to Our Lady of Victory Burse through the kindness of a friend in *Brooklyn*. From a *Massachusetts* friend, we received \$362.95 which also is burse money.

Undesignated Gifts—

Our Advent Appeal, which was very well received, brought us several notable gifts. We desire to mention in particular one from a friend in *Detroit*, a second from *Massachusetts*, and a third from a priest friend in *New Hampshire*.

Annuities—

Two small annuities were received, one from *Vermont* and the second from *New York*. A doctor in *Ohio* arranged for a \$2,000 annuity.

Wills—

We were grateful for remembrances in wills in *Massachusetts*, *Connecticut*, *New York* and *West Virginia*. In most cases the sums were undesignated,

though two mentioned application of the money for the education of a priest. God bless all our benefactors!

MARYKNOLL ANNUITIES

NOW that we have gotten around Depression Corner we dare utter the truth about the Maryknoll annuities. During all the worrisome years of bad times never once were the interest dues of our annuitants in jeopardy. Unfailingly our Treasurer was able to mail the interest checks on the precise day fixed by the agreement.

"My Maryknoll annuity is God's gift to me in peace of mind," is one annuitant's way of summing up her satisfaction. After the bitter experiences of so many in investing money during recent years, the reliability of placing funds with an organization such as Maryknoll has been the most compelling argument for arranging a Maryknoll Annuity.

Frequently, the arrangement of an Annuity with us represents a gratifying act of confidence in Maryknoll. Recently for instance, we received an inquiry from Pittsburgh. It developed that the widow of a successful business man requested her lawyer to place several thousand dollars for her, in such way that it would give her income without worry while she lived, and would work for some good cause after she died.

The lawyer spoke to his parish priest. "A Maryknoll Annuity is the answer," said the pastor, with whom we have never had a line of correspondence, but who is one of the army of silent admirers of Maryknollers overseas and of the sound organization built up by Maryknoll's founder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

A Maryknoll Annuity can be arranged for any sum beginning with \$100. The interest is usually five percent per annum during the entire life of the annuitant, the principle passing to Maryknoll upon the annuitant's demise. We have recently prepared a booklet, "The Maryknoll Annuity," which we shall be happy to send you.

SUPPORT a Missioner

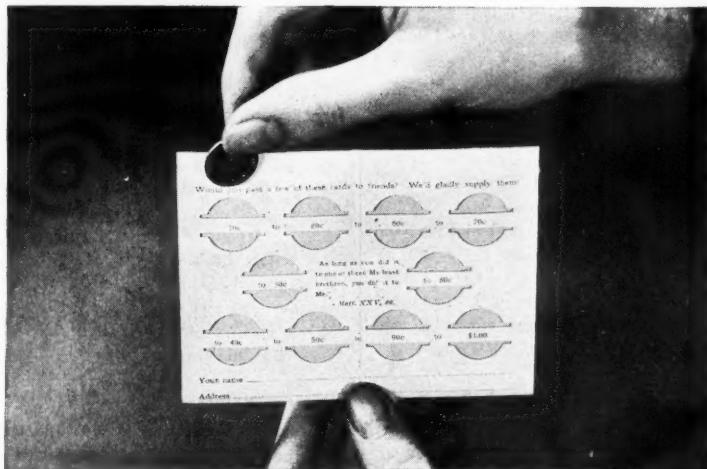
at **\$1.** a
day.

To share in the conversion of the world is regarded as a duty by consistent Catholics.

Few can give their lives to the CAUSE, but many can supply a substitute.

Sponsor a Maryknoll Apostle. Pray for him, pay for him, and you will share his fruits.

Dime cards have been prepared to make it easy for you to collect ten spare dimes for one day's support.



**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York.**

Please send me one of your *Support-a-Missioner Dime Cards*. I shall try to save ten dimes to care for a missioner for one day each month.

My name:

My address:

Our World of Missions



MARYKNOLLERS who had the opportunity of visiting Central China during 1932 recall the mat-shed shelters which they found at Hanyang, the central station of the Columban Fathers. Here, they were harboring thousands of refugees from Reds, flood, and plague, all of which visitations had combined to scourge the Province of Hupeh at that time. A new convent, sorely needed by the Columban Sisters, had been converted into a hospital, and here scores died, ministered to by the devoted women who, meanwhile, lived in a hovel nearby.

God has blessed this charity. In the four years that have since passed, the Columban Fathers have registered 15,524 adult Baptisms. The year 1935-36 has been their most successful, and holds the record for all China, with a total of 6,040 adult Baptisms. This is an average of 201 per missioner, a figure rarely attained by a mission in China.

Congratulations, and God's rich blessings on the Columban Fathers! Their American headquarters are at Omaha, Nebraska. Their motherhouse in Ireland, where the Society is known as the Maynooth Mission to China, is in Navan. There, at present, they are struggling to erect a seminary building.

Honor to Mother Drexel—

All who have followed things missionary in the United States were happy to learn that the American hierarchy at its last meeting unanimously adopted a resolution of gratitude for the "wonderful and continuous Christian work of Mother Mary Katherine Drexel, Superior General and foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People."

Mother Drexel is a pioneer. She sacrificed a high social station as member of an old Catholic family of Philadelphia and employed the considerable wealth which was her inheritance for

the needs of the Negroes and Indians.

We are happy to learn that her health is somewhat improved. May God spare her for many years!

New Yorkers in Shasi—

The traveler in China who mounts the River Yangtze from Hankow soon reaches Shasi, and if he goes ashore he finds himself among New Yorkers. There are only a few, but New Yorkers feel, we understand, that it does not take many to make the number worth while.

Certainly, the few in Shasi have done worth while things. They are members of the New York Province of the Franciscans and took up mission work there only in 1932. When they arrived, the Catholic school children totaled 20; now, they are 800, with one excellent school completed and another under construction.

Practically no medical or charitable work had been done by the Church before their coming; now, the new Shasi Hospital is under construction. The dispensary work of the Fathers during the floods last year, has won them renown. Particularly interesting was their successful organization of flood relief collections among the Chinese themselves.

Several churches have been enlarged and others built. The group of missioners is headed by Monsignor Edward Dillon, O.F.M., who, it turns out, is not from New York after all, but from Bristol, Connecticut!

Man-in-the-Street Pioneer—

Most of us feel that David Goldstein has the right idea. He understands that the man in the street represents the majority of mankind, that the man in the street has no inclination to come to us, but has his ear cocked for every message which comes to him.

CATECHISTS are a vital need for the missions. Will you—or your Circle or Sodality—sponsor a native lay apostle at \$15 a month?

Our note pages on men and things missionary

Messages are getting to him, ridiculing the last few fragments of religion which he possesses, enlisting him for Communism. The best we Catholics have done in most cases, thus far, has been to come around after the harm has been done and try to explain it away.

David Goldstein advocates getting there first. We hope he sells enough copies of his autobiography to buy a new Buick speaking outfit and amplifying equipment for his road work. His is the same spirit which inspires young men to become Maryknollers and go overseas.

His address is Box D, Astor P.O. Station, Boston, Mass.

"The Ave Maria" Says a Word—

Folk must get tired hearing missioners harping upon the importance of the stay-at-home in converting the world. It is a pleasure, therefore, to be able to quote a non-missionary magazine of the standing of "The Ave Maria."

The editor says that Catholics with other things to do should not be discouraged. "Even though they be chained to some humdrum existence," he observes, "or have the wings of their aspirations clipped by the circumstances of duty, they can, with God's help, do great things in the saving of souls. . . . Missionary work requires an active army, of course, but it is a campaign after all, and it needs supplies and encouragement as well in order to work effectively; above all, because it is a spiritual campaign it needs the blessings of heaven to make souls receptive to the blessings it brings. The stay-at-home Christian can furnish those helps, and thereby share generously in the harvest of souls being continually reaped in our various far-away mission fields."

Fellow Feeling in Misfortune—

Maryknollers experience a fellow feeling for the missioners in China who have companions still in the hands of bandits.

At present writing, there are three captives. Two are Franciscans: one, Father Pegoraro, an Italian; the other, Brother Pascal, a Spaniard, who went to Mosimien in Szechuan Province, a

short while ago, to care for a leper asylum. This is a remote post near the borders of Tibet, as far from the China coast as San Francisco is from New York. These two missionaries have been practically slaves of roving Communist bands since May, 1935.

The third prisoner was taken nearer home to the Knollers. He is a German, Father Kellner, of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Issoudun, who in January, 1936, was captured at Shih-tsien in Kweichow Province, a neigh-

GOD'S work is done through human agencies, and much is left unaccomplished when we fail to act.

ment, 1,365 lepers have been cared for and 235 have been discharged as cured. There are now 15 European Sisters and 11 Native Sisters, a chaplain, and a British doctor, caring for 580 lepers.

We find inspiration in this record of 25 years as two Maryknoll priests, Fa-

Mount and again drew a laugh.

Later, in the New York Times Magazine he minced no words in asserting that much of the disrepute attached to things Chinese among Americans is due to missionary propaganda.

Lin Yutang, we understand, was once a Protestant but has reverted to paganism. We are prompted to two observations in his regard.

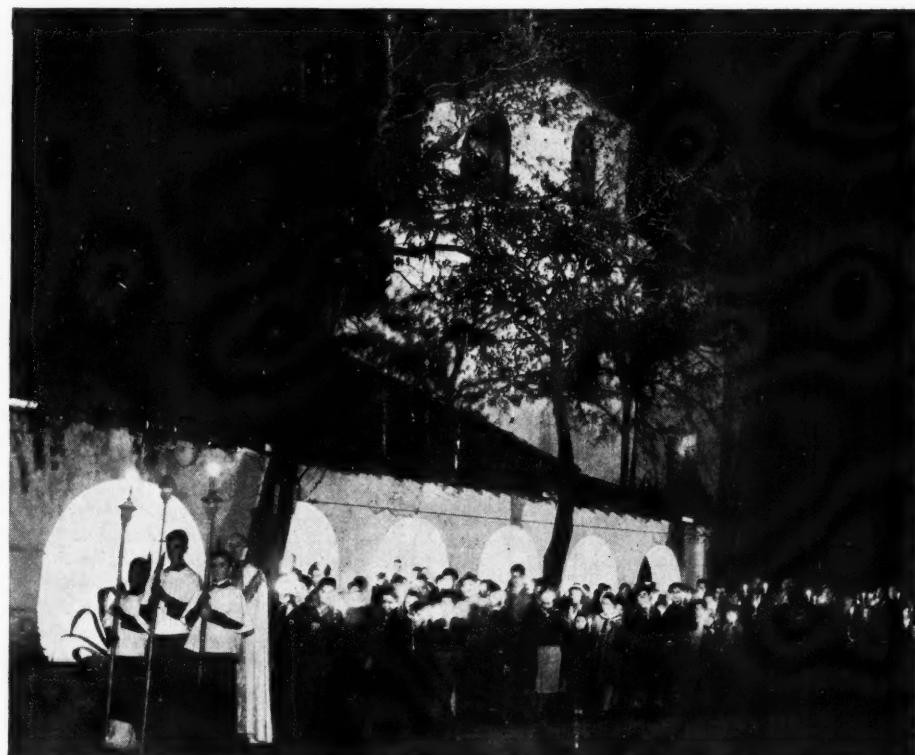
In the first place, what a strange picture was presented at Columbia: a body of New Yorkers sufficiently cultured to

The Night Illumined

The old California missions are among the most worth while things which everyone lists who sets out to see America.

About one hundred miles south of San Francisco is San Juan Bautista, a mellowed ruin overlooking an enchanted valley where men still herd cattle. Maryknoll cares for the little parish, and welcomes the visitors.

In the photograph we see the village young folk in procession—illuminating the velvet darkness with torches, breaking the sweet silence with hymns.



boring province to Kwangsi where Maryknoll labors.

Leper Jubilee—

Twenty-five years ago, the Bishop of the Fiji Islands accompanied two French mission Sisters to an uninhabited island. With such simple beginnings, history is made. Today, this island of Makogai, is celebrated as one of the world's most successful leper hospitals.

In the quarter century of labor there under direction of the British Govern-

thers Joseph Sweeney and Francis Connors, move to Ngai Moon in South China, to initiate our permanent hospital for these wretched sufferers. May its annals be as glorious as Makogai's.

Lin Yutang Draws a Laugh—

A brilliant young Chinese writer and speaker, Lin Yutang, is now visiting the United States and lectured recently at Columbia University. In the course of his address he poked fun at missionaries and drew a laugh. He ridiculed the tenets of the Sermon on the

attend a university lecture listen to a Chinese and laugh as he ridicules Christianity.

Secondly, what a strange picture the paragraphs in the Times paint: men who, professed sufficient regard for their fellow men to exile themselves in order to bring them the thing they prized most, their religion (in this particular case Protestant Christianity), after a century of work are labelled as the principal defamers of the people among whom they have striven.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS



TANDING in the sagging doorway of her mud-brick hut, Anap let her eyes follow the chair which, hoisted high on the shoulders of two grinning coolies, held the light burden of her only little daughter. It moved off down the steep mountain path, ducking, veering, swaying, as the sure-footed coolies picked their way. It became smaller and smaller until the gay *sa'am* of the little bought bride who rode within was no longer visible. As it jogged its way across the rice paddies below her mountain home, it was mirrored in the still waters there—to be suddenly blurred out in the torrent of Anap's own tears. When these had found their swift course down her thin cheeks and splashed upon her best *sa'am* the chair had moved on out of sight. Len Hiong, her Fragrant Lily, was gone. Gone for good.

Within her home there was now no Fragrant Lily to smile her sweet slow smile and reach out swift hands to help. She would never be there again, save as a visitor. Never again. Adding weight to this heavy reflection was the realization that the *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father) and the *Gou-niongs* (Sisters) and the Lord of Heaven did not think well of selling one's daughters into other households. True, Fragrant Lily's future husband was now an altar boy in the Tungshek church, but his father was ten-parts pagan and his mother, a pleasant, easy-going woman, was a one-time Catholic. And Fragrant Lily had said that, if this marriage had not been arranged, she would have liked to be a *Gou-niong*, like the foreign Sisters who lived in the valley below them and whom the children loved with a dog-like devotion. And this was the only desire Fragrant Lily had ever expressed in all her short life. Well, this thing

had been done, this bargain made, long ago, soon after Fragrant Lily's birth, before Anap herself had been baptized. And now Len Hiong was ten. Anap had kept her at home as long as she could.

Then came news which indeed froze the blood in Anap's veins and lay like ice upon her stout heart. Fragrant Lily, sent out to gather firewood on the mountain, had fallen and broken her leg. She would be brought home when the weather mended.

Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 455 professed Sisters, 59 novices, and 16 postulants. There are 246 Sisters in overseas mission work and 46 working among Orientals in America, while 73 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: *Maryknoll, N. Y.*
 Pacific Coast: 425 *South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*
 South China: 103 *Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.*
 Shanghai, China: *Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.*
 Manchukuo: *Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.*
 Korea: 257 *Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.*
 Philippines: *St. Mary's Hall, Manila, P. I.*
 Hawaii: 1722 *Dole St., Honolulu*

She came with the second spring, a real spring; she came just before the Eastertide, when Christians are filled with a strange sorrow which is already half joy. She came when the little village was buzzing with talk of the big feast and the Baptisms. Anap sobbed over her.

"You must have had a very bad fall."

"It was a very little fall. I caught my foot and when I hit the ground something cracked. The leg broke as though it were filled with white ants."

Anap at last found voice for the conviction that was crushing her. This has happened because God is displeased with your father and me for selling you."

"No."

What made that single simple word carry so much conviction? Anap did not know, but she accepted the peace it brought, gratefully.

"Perhaps the Sister who knows medicines could fix your leg."

"I wish she would come," was Fragrant Lily's simple but indirect reply.

Tight Knot, standing uncomfortably quiet among the other children, brightened then and slipped out.

And when he had winged his way down to the little Maryknoll mission compound where the convent, or the "women's church," as Tight Knot designated it, stood companionably near the church, he made his informal way inside and found the nearest Sister.

"Fragrant Lily has come back," he said. "She hurt her leg and can't walk. Come and fix it for her."

In response to this rather terrifying invitation, two Sisters set out with Tight Knot, more than usually quiet in his grief. Anap Lim met them at the door. "Come in," she bowed hospitably, "and sit awhile."

Fragrant Lily turned as they came in. When the spasm of pain this enthusiastic little wriggle had cost wore

off, her smile was good to see. And she suffered her thin little *fu* to be opened and turned down and the thigh with its ugly telltale projection to be bared for them all to see. Her mother bent down, sucking in her breath in distress. The children crowded around, and one of them began to cry; but Fragrant Lily watched the Sister's face, searching for some confirmation of what her own intuition had already told her. She could not guess the hidden distress of this foreign woman at seeing this hideous compound fracture in a leg probably already tubercular, knowing, at the same time, that the little sufferer was separated by days and miles and poverty from any possibility of help. But Fragrant Lily saw enough to tell her all that she wanted to know. Nothing was said. The little *fu* was turned up and tied and Fragrant Lily went on smiling. Her mother, becoming conscious of the press and confusion of the boys, boxed a few available ears and sent them off, then made a hasty excuse and went out to the well. The Sister who knew medicines followed her. And the other sat down beside Fragrant Lily and looked at her.

"Do you see this little fern I have brought you? It is blessed. Today is Palm Sunday, the day, you know, when

I, a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.

our Lord rode on the donkey and all the little children ran out of their houses and shouted for him . . ."

"*Gou-niong.*" Fragrant Lily's voice was the voice of a mother who must break in on the cheerful chatter of her child with more serious things. "I went away without a heart."

"Yes."

"After rice harvest last year, at my first Holy Communion, I asked Jesus to make me a Sister like you. I told you. Do you remember?"

"I remember."

"I was to marry Tat Niap Kou. So I did not know how the Lord of Heaven would arrange it." There was no doubt, no puzzlement in her voice; it was matter of fact, a gentle inquiry into the perception of her listener. "He arranged it. I will never walk; and never marry. I cannot be a useful Sister like you. I cannot go out among my people and teach them to adore the Lord of Heaven. But I will be a *Gou-niong* just the same."

The Sister weighed her work and worth with new humility. From such a mean model had God wrought so

lovely a reproduction in South China. "You know that suffering is work, don't you, Fragrant Lily? Christ worked through suffering to save the world."

Fragrant Lily considered. "That is true. And I could work that way."

"In my country, at Easter, we give lilies to the Lord of Heaven. This Easter, near the East Rock, there is a Fragrant Lily God would love to have. He may not take it to Heaven for a long, long time, but He wants it for Himself, to love Him and to suffer for Him. He does not mind that it is a broken blossom."

"He broke it Himself," put in Len Hiong practically. "Now, *Gou-niong*, say a 'Hail Mary' with me." And it was said. "And now say it in your language, the funny way."

And the 'Hail Mary' was repeated in English while a little Hakka maid listened in amused delight, punctuating the blessed phrase with her laughter. "Isn't the Lord of Heaven wonderful that he can understand such funny talk! I could laugh myself to death."

And the missionary Maryknoller, who but a moment before felt that she trod too close on heaven's heels, descended to the disconcertingly mundane concern of a *schoolmarm* who has allowed the prayerful proprieties to be trifled with.

Dedication

The greatest in giving is the giving of self. Young women from many States have given themselves as Maryknoll Sisters. The community now totals 530, and almost half are already overseas.

Will you match their dedication by devoting yourself, in so far as you are able, to the support of one of them for a fixed number of days during the month, at \$1.00 a day?

Address:

**The Maryknoll
Sisters
Maryknoll, N. Y.**



OTHER APOSTLES BRING EASTERTIDE TO THE WAITING NATIONS.



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



TWENTY years ago, Father Price, co-founder of Maryknoll, was known to the priests of the United States as a tireless apostle and man of God. His message to them and through them to the Catholics of the country was the message of the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes: Pray and work for conversions.

Father Price was wont to emphasize a fact, which we find laid down as his central theme in an address to the Catholic Educational Association at its convention in San Francisco, July, 1918: "The Church, humanly speaking, cannot possibly preach the Catholic religion to every creature—cannot, humanly speaking, carry out that mission effectually, except that our people cooperate with her to the fullest extent. But our people cannot possibly give this cooperation unless they are educated to realize the appalling need, and trained to the fullest mission effort."

Priests listening to Father Price, hardy veteran of a long missionary career in the south, accepted from him gladly the idea that the world was not to be converted by the mere sufferance of missionaries, but rather by each pastor making of his parish a unit in mission cooperation. Many parishes about the country, today, owe their mission spirit to this grand old man who, when he could legitimately feel that he had lived a life of service, initiated another by going overseas to launch Maryknoll's work in the East.

Father Price placed importance on three divisions of parish mission work: the pulpit, the sodality, the school. Today, we sum up what he, and Bishop Walsh his partner, and others have frequently advocated regarding the parish and missions.

The Pulpit—

1—*Mission Sunday*. This Sunday, instituted by the Holy See since Father Price's day, serves as high level in mission activity for the year. On that day, all members of the parish conform with what the Popes have laid down as the fundamental mission act, and enroll in the Propagation of the Faith Society.

2—*Missions in Sermons*. Sermons on the missions are good, but missions frequently mentioned in Sunday sermons is better. Thus, missions become recognized as part of the warp and woof of the life of the world Church. Some of the feasts particularly adaptable to reference to the missions are Christmas, Epiphany, Church Unity Octave, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Sacred Heart, All Saints, All Souls, feasts of the Apostles and of missionary saints such as St. Paul, St. Francis Xavier.

3—*Missionary Visitors*. Once a year, possibly twice, a priest from the field should be invited to address the congregation. Thus, they make personal contact with the apostolate.

The Sodalities—

Some sodalities have special functions, but in most parishes, the sodalities form the basis for informal study and prayer clubs, the priests in charge fixing the theme.

The themes should be catholic and include: a review of parish work, diocesan institutions, national institutions and the world Church, which means the Papacy, the Church in Christian lands, the Church in non-Christian lands.

Special phases of Church life throughout the world may be followed: her charity, her educational activities, her spiritual life. Special speakers can be called to supplement the addresses of the local clergy. Projects of assistance implant more deeply the lessons conveyed by words.

School and Sunday School—

1—*Catholic Class Work*. Father Price was in the habit of laying great stress on teaching Catholic young people to be catholic. He used to note that the truly Catholic teacher will make the atmosphere in all her classes catholic, by reference and example which touch on the World Church.

2—*World Church Hour*. The last period on Friday in many schools is a current events hour, or has some other kindred scope which tends to broaden the young folks' horizon. Let it be the World Church Hour, livened with vivid incidents from around the globe.

3—*Vocational Guidance*. Priest and teacher may set the ideal which will prompt the finer souls to complete dedication to the Church at home or abroad. Very helpful is the annual visit of an outside priest who will speak on vocations.

"The adoption and fostering of mission education in our entire educational system is by all odds the most important matter before the American Church today," said Father Price. "It contains the real solution of all our mission problems at home and abroad."

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

Designed to meet your mission promotion problems.

1. **Literature Section—**
offers Mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—**
provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—**
offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—**
is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin who heads this section endeavors to interest the children in missions through the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*.
5. **Reference and Research Service—**
will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

HAVE THE MISSIONS A PLACE IN YOUR PAMPHLET RACK?

The Reading Lesson and Mission Education

A RELIGIOUS of a teaching Sisterhood in Massachusetts writes:

“Today I discovered a collection of stories published by The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, in 1913, under the title of ‘Stories from the Field Afar.’

“Will you kindly let me know what the conditions are under which I may use some of the stories if I find them suitable for a new Catholic Third Reader which I am compiling. . . .”

This brings to mind again an interesting, effective and painless method of “teaching” missions during school hours. As everyone in the teaching profession knows, there is nothing like a story to carry a point with children. Missions, as well as required curriculum studies, presented in story form are no exception to the rule. Especially in this regard religion, history, geography, reading and literature offer opportunity for teachers wide-awake enough to recognize the zest which the unusual or unknown linked with the familiar can give.

Although a mission Reader may not be part of your school syllabus, you may wish to give the missions a trial during your reading period by passing around copies of THE MARYKNOLL JOURNAL, our periodical for young folks. We shall be happy to furnish sample copies on request.

NEW MISSION BOOKS

The Golden Legend Overseas. Edited by Maurice Vaussard. Translated from the French by Warre B. Wells. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.

The Golden Legend Overseas is an important addition to the mission literature of the Catholic Church. Fourteen distinguished French hagiologists united to write this collection of lives of heroes and heroines of mission lands.

The martyrologies of a dozen countries, some of whose names are redolent of mystery, were mined in quest of jewels of saintliness with which to form a new diadem for the brow of

Father Price of Maryknoll

—BIOGRAPHY—

Co-Founder of Maryknoll

Illustrated :::: Cloth Bound :::: Price 60c.

the missionary Church. The result is a truly excellent book.

Al Baghdadi, Tales Told By The Tigris. By Rev. Edward F. Madaras, S.J. New York: Jesuit Mission Press. \$2.50.

Baghdad College in the capital of Iraq, where *Tales Told by the Tigris* happened, is a mission in the broad sense of the term. It is an educational and missionary project entrusted to the American Jesuits by Pope Pius XI. The school is designed to meet the educational needs of Iraqi Catholic boys of the Latin, Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian and Greek Rites, although Moslem boys are also on the rolls.

These tales, with pen pictures by the author, were originally published at odd intervals in a form which the editors regarded as too modest to be called a

magazine. With the encouragement of two authors, Irving McDonald and Miss Eva J. Ross (the latter author of “Survey of Sociology” of Bruce’s *Science and Culture Series*), and the insistent demand of Father Gschwend, editor of *Jesuit Missions*, the first sixteen issues of “Al Baghdadi,” the priceless journal, have been published in book form.

“Al Baghdadi” reviews events at Baghdad College. Every item is tipped with humor, every issue with cartoons. Readers will want more of this priceless humor. “Al Baghdadi” is still being published, although some of its spontaneity has been curtailed by Postal Regulations, which force the author to have his inspirations at regular intervals, sending them forth quarterly at fifty cents for four issues.



Plays for Male Casts

The Whole Way—By Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M.

One Night in Kyoto—By Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M.

For Greater Glory—By Marie Fischer

The Dragon Conquered—By Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, M.M.

Play for the Month of March

Go to Joseph—By E. Brennan

For further information regarding plays write for our catalogue.

THE MARYKNOLL PLAY LIBRARY

MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

SEE INSIDE BACK COVER FOR A LIST OF MARYKNOLL PAMPHLETS.



Peter Rabbit, Official Easter Bunny, is a great friend of Maryknoll Juniors. He believes in boosting their mission activities and is always hopping about in search of new members for THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR CLUB. So, after pondering over one carrot garden after another, Peter finally wound up in the Old Cabbage Patch. He was in the midst of a juicy and delicious head (of cabbage) when his left three-foot ear shot up. It had been drooping lower and lower over his left potato-brown eye, so that Peter could not see what he was nibbling. Eating always helps Peter with his ideas. Now when Peter Rabbit's three-foot left ear shoots up it means he has hit upon a very big idea. Peter Rabbit assembled his seven brother rabbits together—

Pinky, Dinky, Winky, Flopper, Wopper, Topper and Fuzz—and hired the Old Cabbage Patch Photographer, B. S. Bunny (Better Snapshots) for the gigantic sum of a dozen carrots. Peter himself cleverly mixed up the snapshots which B. S. Bunny, Photographer, took of The Seven Rabbit Brothers. Peter Rabbit jumbled the pictures into this Puzzle of Bunnies. He suggests that you find them, trace them, color them; fill in the blank below, following the directions given; ask to join the Maryknoll Juniors—and wait and see what happens! You might even win a PRIZE besides (that is, if you really find Peter's Seven Brothers and make them look like themselves)!

Name

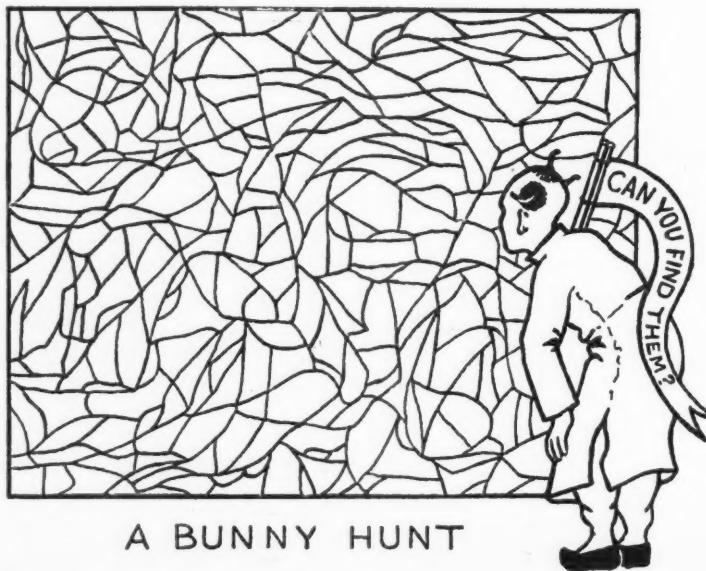
Address

Age

School

Fill out this blank and send with Puzzle to:

Peter Rabbit,
c/o Father Chin,
Maryknoll, N. Y.



A BUNNY HUNT

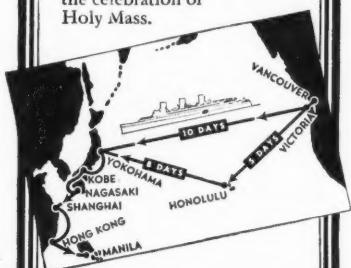
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Christ in Korea.
Christ in the Philippines.
42 Days Among Chinese Outlaws.
10,000 Questions about China.
The Case for Catholic China.
Father Burns Among Manchu Bandits.

Mission Problems

Chinese Apostles.
Maryknoll among Chinese Lepers.
Marriage in Manchu-Land.
Missions, Medicine and Maryknoll.
Native Sisters in the Orient.
Schools in China.
The Chinese Seminarian.

Miscellaneous

Ah Hoy, His Brother . . . His Boat.
Maryknoll on the March.
Novena to St. Francis Xavier.
Secrets of Chinatown.
Shall I Be a Maryknoll Sister?
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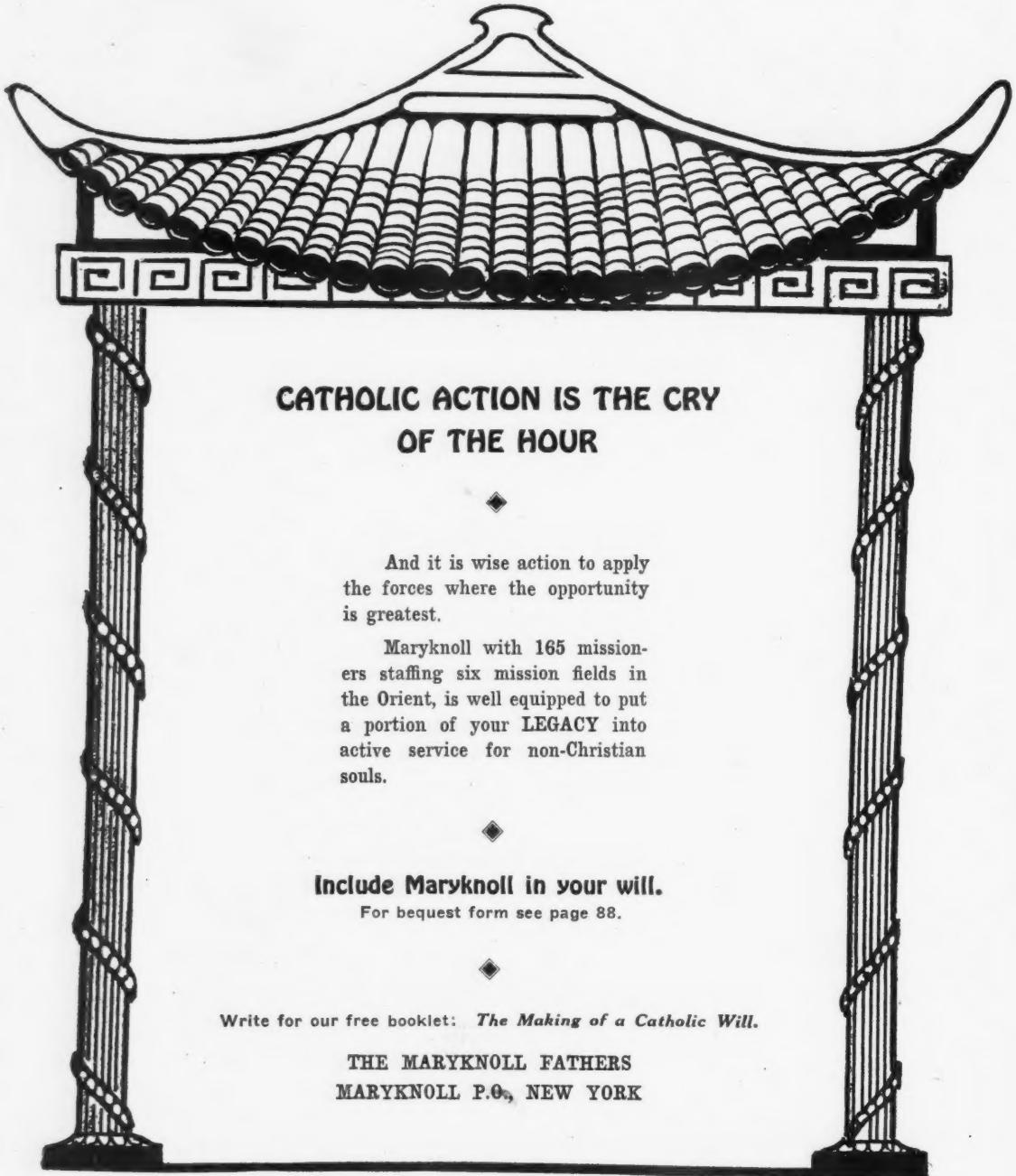
Price: 5¢ each, \$4 a hundred

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